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BY H. B. H.

"The year is dying in the night!
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new."—TENNYSON.

Midnight was stealing through the land—
Midnight, with darkness, hand in hand,
Glided with measured, noiseless tread,
And hovered near the drooping head
Of the Old Year. His pulses, slow,
With waning strength were feebly beating,
While the life-blood with steady flow
Was from his frozen heart retreating.
Fainter and fainter grew his breath,
As nearer drew the monster Death,
And when the midnight bells were tolled,
The year we loved lay stiff and cold.

But hark! that loud, exultant cry
Which floats in waves of gladness by—
Hail, to the advent of the new-born year!
Sing songs of joy—speaks words of cheer;
Fill high the cup with ruddy wine,
Drink to the New Year's birth divine;
Crown his young head with fairest flowers,
And fill with song and dance the hours.
Again the shout, the words of cheer,
And clang of bells falls on the ear:
He comes, he comes, the bright, glad Year,
He comes, and, kneeling round his way,
A motley, strange and long array
Present their wants, his favor pray.

All ask for life and lusty health;
Some sue for love, and more for wealth;
Some ask th' enduring gift of fame—
A deathless, ever-growing name.
For power—the tyrant—others seek,
A fearful gift for beings weak;
While others crave in earnest tone
The gift of knowledge, for its own
Sweet sake; that they all things may know
In worlds celestial or in earth below.
Some ask for rest, wearied with care,
And labors more than they can bear.

To them the year's first gift and best
Is perfect and unbroken rest.
But some, of dark, suspicious mien,
Hide, cowering, 'mid the throng;
No joy-light in their eyes is seen,
They join not in the song;
But in weird whispers, strange of tone,
Ask for *revenge*—revenge alone.

Now, while our songs of gladness ring,
Our cherished wishes we will bring,
That life and love and happiness
The future year may daily bless;
That when again we gather round
The close of a departing year,
We may, with his best blessings crowned,
Drop o'er him the regretful tear.
And when we take a long survey
Of all the past, imperfect way,
We may, with hearts of faith and love,
The blessings of the year improve.

## THE TRUE AND THE FALSE;

OR,

## WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Nor death inflicts a keener dart.—CAMPBELL.

For full five minutes, while the carriage rolled over the unpleasant stones, did Hopetown remain in that statue-like attitude, with his eyes fixed mournfully on Ellen's sweet face, stricken with silent, wondering thought, an oppressive doubt that held him in a lethargy.

Could it be possible that this splendid creature, with her simple, earnest face, her high tone of mind and language, whose every expression conveyed honor, truth and piety—could it be that she was fickle, that she could play with his heart as a child would with a new toy, then break it in sheer wantonness, and cast the shattered remnants aside?

His large, wondering, inquiring eyes told her with more eloquence than his tongue what was in his mind. He framed them into words at last, when the spell was broken, when the doubt was partly dispelled by the kinder reasoning of his own fond heart.

Ellen was shocked, painfully bewildered. How could he so misjudge her motives? It was cruel! Then came the pleasurable sensation in consequence of the discovery that he loved her, that she was dear to him, and could influence his life—he, the master of Craythorpe and heir to a baronetcy.

"You do not understand the circumstances that surround me," she said. "You do not see the false and delicate position this friendship places me in, Mr. Hopetown."

"Yes, I do, Ellen," he answered, "and it has troubled me night and day. How gladly would I make myself known to your parent ——"

"She would oppose you, I know," interrupted Ellen sadly.

"Why—why should she? Have you plighted your troth already? Tell me, Ellen, have you promised another your hand? Had you done so before you won my affections, and now, repenting, go back to him who has a moral claim?"

"I have given no promise," Mr. Hopetown. Were I a year to die so, I would hold that promise too sacred to allow anything, even the direst poverty of him I gave it to, to break it. I do not hold my word so lightly as that, believe me."

He did believe her. The earnestness of her face, the voluminous richness of her voice, proclaimed Truth, in all her regal purity, to be her guide.

"You have been too generous," she went on, "too honorable, for me to keep the past from you. If what I say will lighten the pang of parting, then I freely confess to you that I have been urged on to this step out of consideration for my mother, who deems it as a simple right, some consideration from me. Far from me willingly resigning this friendship, hopeless and wrong as it may be, it would be a sacrifice. But I make the sacrifice for her sake."

She might have added "and for Ruhl's." But she did not wish to cause him the vital agony of jealousy.

"Can it be possible," he said, "that you are willing to sacrifice yourself for others? Why not, by the same rule, sacrifice them for me?"

"Because I feel that it would be a wrong to you. Our friendship is an infatuation which you will forget in time."

"Never!" said Hopetown fervently.

"You think that now," Ellen went on, with the air of a sage. "When cool reason asserts her sway, and opens your eyes more clearly to your position and mine, then you will smile back upon the past and call our friendship folly. Cymbeline will take the place of sentiment, and I shall possibly suffer most by the change."

"Why do you assume this worldliness, Ellen? So keen a judge of human nature must know better, must see that ours is no idle, harmless flirtation. Whatever may have been your intentions at first, ever since I may have likened you to the many aimless, pretty-faced creatures who lisped bad English, and looked like seraphs, my feelings soon changed; respect followed admiration, and now I feel that I could not exist apart from you."

"Let we must part," said Ellen, a little sorrowfully.

"Not yet!" replied Hopetown desperately. "You must give me a few minutes to better think over it—to test my feelings. You must let me see you again. I promise that, if you accord me another meeting, it shall decide one way or the other, and decide forever."

"Is it wise? Are we not prolonging the torture?"

"No. I could not bear up against so sudden a separation. You must see me again, Ellen. It is a favor that is due to me."

"Once more, then; and you must be prepared to part for good. Do not detain me to-night, Mr. Hopetown. Already have I suffered much for my indiscretion. It has brought down on me a mother's anger and the scorn of one of the heads of the establishment where I am employed."

"Has it?" said Hopetown, between his teeth. "We shall see in the end who is scorned and who is the scorner. I will not detain you, Ellen. Far be it from my intention ever to cause you an unnecessary pang. Will you see me on Saturday week, and at the old trysting-place, early in the day?"

"Yes," faltered Ellen.

Thinking that the next meeting was to be the last, she felt disposed to agree to his wishes. He had ordered the coachman to drive towards Kennington. She was come home now, and his sadness returned.

"Tell me where I can send you a line," he said—"anywhere—a post-office, in case I should want to write [illegible] particular."

Ellen assented even to that, and they parted, parted sadly. It seemed to her that this was only the foreshadowing of what was to come. Hopetown sank back amidst the spring cushions of his carriage, with his hand to his brow, and sighed heavily, wearily. What a blank those nine days which intervened between now and their next meeting seemed to him!

"If this is love," he muttered, "it is a terrible, soul-consuming passion; it makes a coward of me, its very uncertainty is an agony."

Ellen was no less affected. She looked forward with a strange mingling of hope and dread to their next, then to be their last meeting. She dreaded to face Charles again. He was not at home. How relieved she felt, and took the opportunity, the instant the evening meal was over, to plead fatigue and retire to rest.

The next day brought startling news. Ruhl was compelled to leave London in the evening. Something had gone wrong with the branch firm in Spain. There was a panic there, he said, caused by one of those sadly too frequent political changes which shake the Spanish constitution to its base and cause the blood of the flower of Spain to be shed in wantonness. It is hard to say whether Ellen felt most sorry or pleased. Charles would be gone a fortnight at least, possibly longer.

Ruhl, before he went, was careful to place everything belonging to him under lock and key. Amongst the things put away was the suicide's coat and trousers. The waistcoat had been handed over to Mrs. Sarah Wilkins, as a keepsake. Charles Ruhl had made a discovery, too, that, had the coroner's jury made it instead, would possibly have upset the little scheme of his which gave Hartpool such an excellent start in life. The trousers were in no way in keeping with the other garments, which, of course, belonged to Hartpool, alias Congreve, and besides this, on looking closely at the buttons, Ruhl saw stamped on their brazen faces in deep, legible letters, "Asquith & Co., Bombay."

This proved two things. Firstly, that the suicide had lately come from India, where he had purchased clothes from that world-wide-known Asquith; that he must afterwards have gone to Canada. Secondly, that had inquiries been made by the agent of the late Mr. Congreve, in consequence of this discovery he would have known that the suicide was not Brinsley Congreve, from the fact that Congreve had never been in India. As, however, this discovery was not made, his agent was satisfied with the evidence of Mrs. Wilkins and Ruhl.

The agent, who was diligently pulling the Congreve estate through its bankruptcy, had visited Ruhl, repaid him the funeral expenses, and suggested that, as Mrs. Congreve's mind was in a critical state, she had better not be informed of the calamity, and so the affair had ended. When Ruhl made this discovery about the trousers he felt considerably relieved, now that they were in his own keeping. He did not contemplate the journey with that cheerfulness which he had hitherto displayed. He lingered with Ellen till the last moment.

"I shall be anxious about you till I return," he said. "I hope nothing will happen to me or to you. I don't feel as happy as I should like at this brief separation."

Ellen smiled away his fears, and he did not like to seem less strong-minded than she. Amy clung to him most, making him promise over and over again that he would write twice a week—more if he could—and he had to say he would. There was something very pleasant in the love of this child. Her utter artlessness made it so sweetly sisterly. Mrs. Temple parted with Ruhl with that placid dignity long years of obedience to her husband's will had engendered but never spoiled.

"Take great care of yourself, Charles," she said. "I shall be anxious to hear from you."

He promised to write on his arrival, and the parting was over.

"I will look after Ellen," Mrs. Temple had whispered at the very last moment, and she kept her word. She was waiting outside the firm every night ten minutes before Ellen's time of leaving. Her proud spirit rebelled at this, and mother and daughter made the journeys home either in ill-humored silence, or keeping an unobserved little bickering, which, like the continuous drip of water on a stone, was imperceptibly wearing away that good feeling which had hitherto made the dull house an abode of contentment.

She did not always wish to be watched home, Ellen said on one occasion—marched home like a great schoolgirl. Mrs. Temple mildly observed that there was no necessity to march home. Should they take a walk, or go to some place of amusement? She was willing. Ellen shrugged her shoulders. How would it look? she wondered; two ladies always gadding about by themselves. Mrs. Temple was of opinion that the strictest rules of propriety permitted mother and daughter to be seen in public as often as they chose. Ellen thought that that was of course a matter of opinion. Mrs. Temple made the affair personal then.

"If in my society you object to," she said in stern reproach, "not the breaking of the rules of propriety."

"Let it be so, then, mother, if you think that; but be treated as a schoolgirl and made the laughing-stock of the establishment. I will not. Already do the girls laugh and sneer at me. I am treated coldly by those above me and scandalized by those beneath me, and all through your thoughtless and unmotherly act."

This was sadly too true. There had been a moral change in the atmosphere at the firm since Mrs. Temple had seen the lady principal. Ellen's duties were heavier. She was sent out more, sent out to the lady customers to try on their dresses—a patience-trying duty, made doubly irksome through the ladies venting all their ill-humor of disappointed whims upon the poor girl. She had made up her mind to leave here, and she said so.

"I will not stay," she said, "after what you have done, and I will not be kept like a child to your leading-strings."

"So long as you are single, Ellen, I shall exercise a mother's control over you. I am neither harsh nor unjust, but I do not forget that you are a Temple. Persist in going that path which would surely drag us down to disgrace, and I renounce you forever. I shut the door upon you, Ellen, and never shall you come beneath my roof again."

Mrs. Temple's eye flashed now. She seldom got aroused, and when she did she could show much of the stern will of obstinacy that Ellen had inherited.

She locked her teeth hard, but made no reply to her mother. But after this she brooded much. Her future did not seem very pleasant to her view. If she married Charles, it would mean simply a few months on the Continent and then a return to the old house, to be housed with a mother and sister, to lead the old monotonous life with the addition of aimless idleness, which was no inducement to one of her active and ambitious temperament.

Charles Ruhl's selfish love for her might become a sort of bondage. She was too familiar with his German stolidity not to be able to draw a pretty correct outline of his life. Punctual in his attendance to business, as punctual in coming home for the six o'clock dinner, music in the best room, or a big pipe and books, or cheerless conversations over a fire in the parlor, on the evenings were wet, a dull play or a theatre or promenade when they were fine. In fact, the genteel, sober, jog-trot life peculiar to the class of well-to-do subordinates in city houses—want and luxury alike unknown, nothing but the respectable mediocrity which makes existence most commonplace.

She knew the bent of his mind as well as he did. Even should his ship come home, he would cling to the old ambition to become a city potentate, a man of influence in the city, to have his name mixed up in great commercial speculations, with the after-dinner speeches of manning directions or corporations—to be the head of a firm with twenty extensively dressed clerks whose education and habits cost their parents years of ceaseless toil and pinching and self-denial for less per annum than would find the merchant's sons in dress and cigars in return.

Such a change might bring a brighter and larger house in the suburbs for Ellen, a quiet carriage and full-grown servants. But even this social elevation was, at present, a mere dream, an "if" that always allures us onward only to sink down at last broken in spirit, hopeless, world-weary, wrecked.

Ellen was a thoughtful woman for her age, honest to herself in acknowledging her own convictions; too proud to be a hypocrite. Turning her mental glance inward, she saw engraved on her heart one great truth that she never even attempted to deny to herself. She did not love Ruhl as a woman should love one who was to be bound to her for life, and she shuddered at a step which, to her thinking, would be acting a living falsehood.

"Oh! I should despise myself," she muttered despairingly, when brooding alone over her position, "hate myself, were I to go to a man anything but heart whole."

It was in this frame of mind that she prepared on the appointed day to meet Frank Hopetown, for the last time, as she believed. The morning brought forth an incident that was not without its influence on Ellen's future. The lady principal of the firm had placed before Miss Temple something like a programme of her day's duties. There were calls to make, besides business to see to in the house, and the calls, Ellen well knew, would compel her to be out long after the firm had closed.

"I think," she said quietly, "that this round of calls should be divided. These visits are too many for one, especially as there are so many of the inconsiderate amongst these customers."

"We can spare no one else, Miss Temple."

"Very well, I will do as many of these as I can between now and closing-time ——"

"You must not mind if the business takes your afternoon pretty well. We cannot always be punctual to a minute."

"The servants must; the mistresses and masters need not, of course," answered Ellen, with a sneer which she took no pains to hide. "The most dependent drudge of factory-girls claims the right to be free at a given hour on Saturday, unless she offers to work overtime. Surely I have the right to the liberty and the justice that are accorded to them."

"I have no doubt that the firm will agree to pay you for overtime, Miss Temple," said the lady principal, with such sarcasm in her tone that Ellen flushed up, and her eyes flashed forth such danger signals as the lady had never seen before.

"Madame, I beg that you will not forget that I am neither your slave nor your kitchen-maid. I demand, as a right, courtesy from my employers while I do nothing to forfeit it. I am not so dependent that I can or will bear insults. Command me as you please until the closing time, and I will do my best; when the day's work is over I leave with the rest."

"You need not do anything, Miss Temple."

"While I remain in your employ I will earn my money, or not take it."

"You may do as you please, and take a holiday now if you like."

"Thank you. Time enough for that when I have finished the affairs I left incomplete yesterday."

Ellen turned away as she spoke, and the lady principal kept coldly aloof for the remainder of the day.

Ellen felt that her connection with the firm would have to cease sooner than she expected. She could not find any pleasure in her work, now that she was on bad terms with those who had been ever so friendly and so kind. She could not see that by any act of her own she had forfeited their esteem. They had no right to be her mentors, no right to dictate to her who should be her friends, or what line of conduct she should pursue in her private life.

She left the establishment with a heavy heart and a gloomy foreboding of the future, quite indifferent whether she ever returned again, more than half determined not to. A pair of lighter gloves than she had worn in the morning, a handsome lace scarf and long gossamer fall, all of which she had taken in her pocket, added to the neat elegance of her dress, and she looked very lovely; and with a firm step and calm mien she went to meet Hopetown, not without a thrill of pleasure and a glow of triumph, in spite of her late determination to sacrifice herself for Charles Ruhl's sake.

"THE TRUE AND THE FALSE."

When Ellen was dressed, and the jewels placed on her neck and arms, she went down to the room where Frank was awaiting her.

But the tender impression of that night's scene was fast dying out, the remembrance of his tears brought only wonder and just a little contempt for his weakness, and she reflected whether she was right, just to herself, in making a promise that could not be kept without self-sacrifice, and was too much self-sacrifice likewise?

Looking at the tiny watch which hung amidst a string of charms from a gold clasp attached to her chatelain, she discovered that it was already past the appointed hour.

The park was full, the drive crowded with carriages moving slowly in a double line in contrary directions, the promenade was alive with fashionable loungers and the positionless idlers who trade upon a family name and education, or only an ex-lieutenancy and their wits and the patronage of a nobleman to buy or sell his own horses while he can get these jackals, who live upon the refuse society throws away, to do it for him—useful animals these, who fetch and carry with as much cuteness and less honesty than a retriever, who coach their patrons in the current topics, find out for them the latest scandal, or the latest "sensation" which it is "the thing" to look, who add to the pain of separation—all these, in contrast to the smiles and tears, hopes and fears that burst like conflicting elements from the pang of parting—all these I would have to dwell upon when the happy day was only a delusion, and fancy reproduced every look or word which lapse of time and memory sweeten in the same degree as they soften our past cares and harsh words, and make the past regretted because the present never is, and never can be like it."

It was Ellen's turn to ponder now. Hopetown glanced at her, thought the silence favorable to him, and did not disturb it. Ellen was thinking that he talked very coolly of parting. Surely, then, he had made up his mind to part with her. It was his whim to make a day's pleasure of it, instead of a scene. Did she feel disappointed? Was she angry with him and with herself? What did that heightened color mean, that deep shade of disappointment?

"Do you not think I am right?" he asked.

"I have not weighed the question yet, Mr. Hopetown."

Ellen, why do you speak in that tone? Have I offended you?"

"No. How should you?"

"Ah, Ellen, I know what it is. You think me frivolous. You have come with a stern sense of duty—right or wrong, I will not say—to gravely break our connection, to destroy our friendship, because it is against the rule, and I am treating so grave a change with levity."

"No."

"But I am," persisted Frank, "and it is because I cannot bear to think of the last hour. Oh, Ellen, I am a coward! If our separation were indeed inevitable I would dread to face my duty. I should shun it as I do, hide from it and believe that the time could be put off indefinitely—as I hope now I am trying to believe. I told you I am in a dream. Let me dream on, and I pray Heaven that the awakening I so much dread may never, never come!"

The cloud of disappointment fled from Ellen's thoughtful face, and she favored him with a quick glance and a smile, and, though he neither understood one nor the other, he felt glad somehow.

"You have not told me of the pleasant surprise," she said, one of the old light-hearted moods coming upon her.

"Come, then—here is the programme as I have drawn it out."

"Since when has Mr. Hopetown taken to cater for the ungrateful public?"

"Heaven forbid! unless the public were Miss Temple only. Then I would exhaust the world of its pleasures for her."

"Unsatisfactorily, quite unsatisfactorily!"

Hopetown considered, turned and caught her radiant smile and reflected it back with his soul bursting forth behind it.

"No," he said, "for I should want to share those pleasures with you. So that's selfishness, after all."

"Let us say that it is not," answered Ellen, disposed to be obliging, "believe that it is not. You wander from the subject."

"Pardon, did I not say that I was dreaming today?"

"Be careful that it does not change into a nightmare."

"I hope not," said he fervently; "wish that for me too."

"Then I trust not.'"

"Thank you, Ellen, thank you." A few steps more in silence, and then Frank went back to the subject. "I thought," he said, "we would take a drive, as I wish to make one or two purchases, dine at a suburban hotel and then spend an evening at the opera. La Patti is on to-night, and I have a box."

"But you forget my costume."

"Remove your lace cape and your dress is suitable. We can purchase flowers for your hair. I have fan and opera cloak in my portmanteau at the hotel where I have my dress-suit. I prepared for every emergency. You will come?"

"I should very much like to go to the opera. I adore Patti."

"If I had said that, you would have a right to be jealous. Well, saying that it is for her sake alone, you will come?"

"Why should it be for her sake alone, Frank? How can I refuse you a request that I thought would give you pleasure? All that I have said and done, even this letter, was written for your sake."

"Not entirely for your own, Ellen?"

"No, not in one thought for my own. So that I was indeed unselfish."

They were in the carriage road now, and Ellen saw Hopetown's elegant little brougham. The coachman's quick eye must have taken in his master that it drove up to him. Frank gave the man his instructions, after handing Ellen in, and then took his seat beside her.

They drove to a glove-shop, to a florist, and other places, where Frank made purchases, for himself and for Ellen. It was impossible to refuse what that one treated her in such a brotherly way that they were undoubtedly taken for brother and sister. When there was nothing more to purchase and Ellen flatly refused any more presents, they drove to the suburban hotel—a handsome, well-conducted place, of which there are many, thanks to the rapid centralization of railway lines and their terminus. They were shown into a private sitting-room, when a neat little chamber-maid quickly made her appearance.

"Have you the dressing-room ready, as I asked?" inquired Hopetown.

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. I will ring the bell in five minutes; you will know that it is to show Miss Craythorpe to her room."

Ellen opened her eyes wide and stared at him in wonder. Miss Craythorpe! His second name. What did it mean?

"Dearest Ellen," said Frank, with a grave smile, "I have taken rather eccentric steps, as you will say. But I did so to prevent the slightest breath of suspicion falling upon you. I came here yesterday as if I had just arrived in town with my sister, who had gone to stay with a friend. To make things look more real I brought a couple of my trunks marked 'E. Craythorpe,' and a new box with 'E. Craythorpe' painted on the lid. I should bring my sister here to-day to dress for the opera. So now, darling girl, take this key of your box; inside you will see the opera-cloak, fan and my poor dear mother's dress jewels, which I brought as a mark of confidence, and which, I trust, sister mine, you will wear to-night as a mark of confidence in your most devoted servant."

He had touched the bell as he finished speaking, and the maid reappeared. She held the door wide open for Ellen to pass out. What could she do? To say a word before this girl, or act in any way other than that becoming his sister would cause mystery, and that was above all things to be most avoided. With an inexpressible sort of bewilderment, Ellen followed the maidservant upstairs to a prettily furnished room.

The first thing that attracted Ellen's attention was the box marked "E. Craythorpe." Dismissing the girl for a small can of warm water, Ellen, led by curiosity and without staying to think whether it was right or wrong, opened the box. In a case were handsome ivory-backed hair-brushes, new combs—in fact, all toilet requisites.

There were a gorgeous fan in the box, a tiny case of scents, a leather case containing the jewels, and the opera-cloak—a fairy-like garment of Indian make with gold thread interwoven, with the virgin silk of which the cloak was chiefly composed. All these things were in the tray of the box, and the bottom of the tray was covered over with glazed lining. She did not lift the tray, assuming that the box was empty.

The girl had returned just as Ellen wonderingly opened the jewel case. The dazzling sight nearly took her breath away, but she put on an affected indifference, that the girl should have nothing to marvel at in her conduct.

"If you please, miss, shall I help you to dress? I have been a lady's-maid, and I always assist the ladies who bring no servants with them."

"Thank you. What is your name?" asked Ellen, pleased with the girl's pretty face and neat appearance.

"Dyse, miss. Lizzie, but I'm always called Dyse," and then, while she was dressing Ellen, she told how she had come here because she got tired of her last mistress, and how she at last found this place too hard for her, and that she was going to leave; her time was up, in fact, but she way staying on a few days to oblige them.

Thus she prattled on, her fingers going nimbly to work with Ellen's luxuriant hair, which Dyse was profuse in her praises of.

"It's lovely, miss; we don't often see hair like this nowadays. Mr. Craythorpe, your brother, miss, has often been here by himself. Everybody here likes him, he is so kind and gentle and liberal—and how much he is like you! anybody would take you for brother and sister, I'm sure."

Then, as she rambled on, she told how she had come from the country, where her parents were living, and went into a long detail about herself and her belongings, and her prattle had the pleasant strain of simplicity and truth. She seemed very guileless and affectionate: so different from the girls generally to be met with in her capacity.

In spite of her gossiping, she did her duty remarkably well, seeming to thoroughly understand her work and showing a good taste that must have been inherent, and only improved from teaching or practical utilizing.

When Ellen was dressed and the jewels placed on her neck and arms, she went down to the room where dinner was to be served. Dyse following her with the opera-cloak on her arm. Frank was ready and waiting. His elegant figure lost none of its manly grace in spite of that hideous swallow-tailed coat and funereal nether-garments, emblems of undertakers and waiters. Frank could not resist the exclamation of admiration that burst from him when Ellen entered the room. His eyes seemed to feast themselves upon her. If he was infatuated before, he was dazzled now.

"Why did you just exclaim 'Oh'?" Ellen asked, when the waiter had glided out of the room.

"Pardon me, queen of beauty, I said, 'Ah!' which indicates admiration. 'Oh!' is only surprise. Ellen, my sweet princess"—that word, reminding her of Ruhl, made her start—"for such you should be, how proud would a prince be indeed, were the ladies of royal blood as beautiful as yourself."

The dinner was served, and Ellen, in a giddy whirl of excitement, got through it very creditably. But the diamonds were smothering her with grandeur and brilliancy, and thoughts of the opera and of Patti scattered her thoughts and broke through her natural calmness.

Oh! this night, it was one that Ellen never forgot, never ceased to look back upon in sadness and woe or in peace and affluence. It was ever brightly prominent in her reveries, sometimes welcomed with a smile and a tear, sometimes in tranquil, happy dreamland.

Never had Hopetown been so brilliant, so artless, so entertaining; never had he looked so handsome, so distinguished. She sat in the opera box, amidst perfume and flowers, her whole soul absorbed by the music, carried away by the almost supernatural perfection—the sublime vocal power of Adelina Patti She seemed to have parted from the matter-of-fact world, forgot its toil and troubles, forgot the dull home in Kennington, forgot Charles Ruhl, and all save this new world of life, light and beauty, of music; forgot the very fears that surrounded her, and was deaf in the hubbub that followed the end of the opera—living only in her inner self, in a fairy dreamland of waking, happy, living objects. And this trance-like state lasted while the brougham rattled back to the suburban hotel.

Even when again in the sitting-room she sat down, and hiding her face in her hands dwelt again amidst what she had seen and heard—heard the song and the sweet voice was written for your sake."

"Not entirely for your own, Ellen?"

"No, not in one thought for my own. So that I was indeed unselfish."

They were in the carriage road now, and Ellen saw Hopetown's elegant little brougham. The coachman's quick eye must have taken in his master that it drove up to him. Frank gave the man his instructions, after handing Ellen in, and then took his seat beside her.

They drove to a glove-shop, to a florist, and other places, where Frank made purchases, for himself and for Ellen. It was impossible to refuse what that one treated her in such a brotherly way that they were undoubtedly taken for brother and sister. When there was nothing more to purchase and Ellen flatly refused any more presents, they drove to the suburban hotel—a handsome, well-conducted place, of which there are many, thanks to the rapid centralization of railway lines and their terminus. They were shown into a private sitting-room, when a neat little chamber-maid quickly made her appearance.

"Have you the dressing-room ready, as I asked?" inquired Hopetown.

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. I will ring the bell in five minutes; you will know that it is to show Miss Craythorpe to her room."

Ellen opened her eyes wide and stared at him in wonder. Miss Craythorpe! His second name. What did it mean?

"Dearest Ellen," said Frank, with a grave smile, "I have taken rather eccentric steps, as you will say. But I did so to prevent the slightest breath of suspicion falling upon you. I came here yesterday as if I had just arrived in town with my sister, who had gone to stay with a friend. To make things look more real I brought a couple of my trunks marked 'E. Craythorpe,' and a new box with 'E. Craythorpe' painted on the lid. I should bring my sister here to-day to dress for the opera. So now, darling girl, take this key of your box; inside you will see the opera-cloak, fan and my poor dear mother's dress jewels, which I brought as a mark of confidence, and which, I trust, sister mine, you will wear to-night as a mark of confidence in your most devoted servant."

He had touched the bell as he finished speaking, and the maid reappeared. She held the door wide open for Ellen to pass out. What could she do? To say a word before this girl, or act in any way other than that becoming his sister would cause mystery, and that was above all things to be most avoided. With an inexpressible sort of bewilderment, Ellen followed the maidservant upstairs to a prettily furnished room.

The first thing that attracted Ellen's attention was the box marked "E. Craythorpe." Dismissing the girl for a small can of warm water, Ellen, led by curiosity and without staying to think whether it was right or wrong, opened the box. In a case were handsome ivory-backed hair-brushes, new combs—in fact, all toilet requisites.

There were a gorgeous fan in the box, a tiny case of scents, a leather case containing the jewels, and the opera-cloak—a fairy-like garment of Indian make with gold thread interwoven, with the virgin silk of which the cloak was chiefly composed. All these things were in the tray of the box, and the bottom of the tray was covered over with glazed lining. She did not lift the tray, assuming that the box was empty.

The girl had returned just as Ellen wonderingly opened the jewel case. The dazzling sight nearly took her breath away, but she put on an affected indifference, that the girl should have nothing to marvel at in her conduct.

"If you please, miss, shall I help you to dress? I have been a lady's-maid, and I always assist the ladies who bring no servants with them."

"Thank you. What is your name?" asked Ellen, pleased with the girl's pretty face and neat appearance.

"Dyse, miss. Lizzie, but I'm always called Dyse," and then, while she was dressing Ellen, she told how she had come here because she got tired of her last mistress, and how she at last found this place too hard for her, and that she was going to leave; her time was up, in fact, but she way staying on a few days to oblige them.

Thus she prattled on, her fingers going nimbly to work with Ellen's luxuriant hair, which Dyse was profuse in her praises of.

"It's lovely, miss; we don't often see hair like this nowadays. Mr. Craythorpe, your brother, miss, has often been here by himself. Everybody here likes him, he is so kind and gentle and liberal—and how much he is like you! anybody would take you for brother and sister, I'm sure."

Then, as she rambled on, she told how she had come from the country, where her parents were living, and went into a long detail about herself and her belongings, and her prattle had the pleasant strain of simplicity and truth. She seemed very guileless and affectionate: so different from the girls generally to be met with in her capacity.

In spite of her gossiping, she did her duty remarkably well, seeming to thoroughly understand her work and showing a good taste that must have been inherent, and only improved from teaching or practical utilizing.

When Ellen was dressed and the jewels placed on her neck and arms, she went down to the room where dinner was to be served. Dyse following her with the opera-cloak on her arm. Frank was ready and waiting. His elegant figure lost none of its manly grace in spite of that hideous swallow-tailed coat and funereal nether-garments, emblems of undertakers and waiters. Frank could not resist the exclamation of admiration that burst from him when Ellen entered the room. His eyes seemed to feast themselves upon her. If he was infatuated before, he was dazzled now.

"Why did you just exclaim 'Oh'?" Ellen asked, when the waiter had glided out of the room.

"Pardon me, queen of beauty, I said, 'Ah!' which indicates admiration. 'Oh!' is only surprise. Ellen, my sweet princess"—that word, reminding her of


## QUAINT ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

AT THE HOUSE of John Bell Carpenter, over against Captain Garret Van Horne, there is to be sold Broad Cloth's, Kersey's, Kersey Plain's, Prize Coloured Duffils, Druggets, Shalloon Miniken, Bleu Bazes, Frize and Plains. And some Ready made Cloaths, etc. By Wholesale or Retail at Reasonable Rates. Also Looking Glasses and Eight Day Clocks with Japan Cases. N. B.—And he will Truck for Beef, Pork, Flour, Bread and Gamons.—*New York Gazette*, Dec. 24, 1734.

VERY GOOD CORKS to be sold by Ebenezer Grant at the sign of the *Dog's Head* in the *Porridge Pot* at very reasonable Rates.—*New York Weekly Journal*, Feb. 9, 1736.

QUAINT ADVERTISEMENTS TWO CENTURIES AGO.

Lost upon the 13th instant, a little blackamoor boy in a blew livery, about 10 years old, his hair not much curled with a silver collar about his neck inscribed "Mrs. Manby's blackamoor in Warwick Lane." Whoever shall give notice of him to Mrs. Manby living in said lane or to the "Three Cranes" in Vister Hostes Row shall be rewarded for his pegnes.—(1664.)

At Tobias' Coffee House in Rye Corner is sold the right drink called Dr. Butler's Ale, it being the same that was sold by Lansdale in Newgate Market. It is an excellent stomach drink, it helps digestion, expels wind and dissolves congeal phlegm upon the lungs, and is therefore good against colds, pthisical and consumptive distempers, and being drunk in the evening it moderately fortifies nature, causeth good rest, and hugely corroborates the brain and memory.—(1680).

A young brindled mastiff, crop't with three notches on the rump, four white feet, and a white streak down the face, was lost on Fryday, was seven-night, July 31. 'Tis one of the King's dogs, and whoever gives notice of him at the porters' lodge in Whitehall shall have a verry good reward.—(1668.)

Whereas, John Pippin, whose grandfather, father and himself have been for above a hundred and ninety years past famous throughout all England for curing the rupture, making the most easie trussess, of all sorts, both for men, women and children, being lately deceased, This is to certifie to all persons that Eleanor Pippin the widow, who in his lifetime made all the trusses which he sold, lives still at the "Three Naked Boys," near the Strand Bridge, where she makes all manner of trusses. She also hath a gentleman to assist in the fitting of them upon men, he being intrusted by the said John Pippin in his life time—(1679-80).

At the "Angel and Sun," in the Strand, near Strand Bridge, is to be sold every day fresh *Epsum water*, *Barnet water* and *Tunbridge water*; *Epsum ale* and *Spruce beer*.—(1664).


## NOT IN THE BILLS.

### A NIGHT AT THE OLD OLYMPIC THEATRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNEMOSYNE.

The great mass of the theatre-going public of the present day have not even a recollection of the once famous Olympic under the management of Mitchell, and situated on the easterly side of Broadway, between Howard and Grand streets. But those who were its frequenters must still remember with pleasure the fun nightly enacted there, and those who trod the stage—a galaxy difficult to excel in any of the establishments of the present.

Alas! should the prompter's bell be rung now, how very few would answer. Mrs. Timm, Mrs. Baldock, Mrs. Plumer, Kate Horn, Mary Taylor, Jule Singleton, Julia Turnbull, La Petite Celeste, were there. So, too, were Edwin, George Graham, Pete Cunningham, Everhard, Horncastle, and many other shining lights, with George Loder waving the baton as *chef d'orchestre*. Surprise followed surprise—new things were the order of the day, but not new faces. The audience remained for the most part the same, with "Ferry's Setters" (representatives from "Lady Washington" Engine) occupying the space upon one side of "the music," and "The Olympic Setters" (from "Columbian" Nine Hose) that upon the other; and all firmly believing no such acting, singing or dancing could be found in any other place in Christendom.

For several weeks its peculiar patrons had been kept in excitement by a new play underlined upon the bills, the title being "My Wife, Mrs. B." That was all the *quidnuncs* could learn. They failed to gain any knowledge of its peculiar characteristics by interviewing. Pete Cunningham sagely shook his head. George Graham laid his finger suspiciously beside his nose. Mitchell was a mountain of mystery. Bouquets even failed to loosen the tongues of the fair representatives of Thalia or Terpsichore. This greatly increased the wonder, and on the night when it finally was announced, had the public then arrived at the refinement of "No standing-room," it would have stared outsiders in the face almost simultaneously with the opening of the doors.

The overture over, the curtain was rung up, and there appeared upon the stage Mrs. Plumer (a tall, beautiful woman, who was understood to have had some difficulty with her husband, a Frenchman and that at least a quasi separation had followed) and Edwin. A love-scene progressed, and in the plot it became necessary for the two to enter another room. This they were about to do when a bewhiskered Frenchman jumped up in the boxes, and called out in a very excited manner and tone: ·

"She am mine wife! She sall no go into de odder room wid Monsieur Edwin. He be von man of verra bad character."

For a moment there was a painful silence. Then an Irishman yelled out from the pit:

"Sorra now, an yees don't sit down an he'ld yer whist! be the death av yees, so I will, ye ould frogation spalpeen."

The Frenchman continued his jabber, and was again answered, but this time by a Yankee from the second tier.

"Du tell. Is she your wife? I guess not. She's tu slick a lookin' gal tu be anything tu sich an old hedge-hog as you be, I swow."

The Frenchman shook his fist, and stamped, and pulled his hair, and then above the din came in a voice like thunder from the gallery:

"Now, jest look a here, boss. If you don't stop wid dis foolishness I'll brake my arm across you jaw, fer sure."

There were French, Irish, Yankee and negro, in a confusion worse than Babel, with all sorts of cat-calls from the boys, curses dire and deep from the "setters," and yells of "Sit down," "Put him out," "For shame," "Edwin is a respectable man," and almost everything that can be imagined; and all the while Mrs. Plumer and Edwin were standing idly upon the stage, looking into each other's faces, and amazed at the rumpus they had innocently raised.

The poor Frenchman for attempting to explain, but was overwhelmed by the representatives of Ireland, Connecticut and Africa. Enough, however, was heard to be construed into an insinuation against the character of Mrs. Plumer, as well as of Edwin. She burst into tears, and had her handkerchief to her eyes, while Edwin stamped about and shook his fists in rage.

The demon of disorder and all his imps seemed let loose. The doorkeepers attempted to force their way in to quiet the disturbance, and the representative fighting men of "The White Lady" (40), "Dutch Dave" and "Mose Humphry" endeavored to struggle through the reeking mass in the pit, and get hold of the Frenchman, vowing by all the saints (?) in the fireman's calendar that they would handle him more roughly even than they had done their bitter enemies No. Thirty! But they were as giants surrounded by so many pigmies that their rage and efforts were impotent.

A calm in the tempest gave Mrs. Plumer an opportunity to deny the charges made against her. She did it most spitefully, winding up in true woman f

# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875.


## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information** replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

INQUIRER, Boston.—1. Multiply the diameter by 3.14159, and the product will be the circumference. 2. Knowing the circumference, either multiply it by .31830 or divide it by 3.14159, for the diameter. 3. You have made a muddle of the meadow question. It should be a triangular meadow, with the horse tied at one corner of it so that he could graze over say one half. 4. Perhaps your object in this case is to learn how much greater is the circumference of a circle than its diameter. This has been reduced to a decimal that requires no less than 187 successive figures for its expression; but for practical purposes the circumference is three and one-seventh times greater than the diameter.

FASHIONABLE FRED.—"*Please settle a little dispute as to a bet,* of which I am stakeholder. A bets $20 to $10 that Thad Stevens' time in the second heat of a four-mile-and-repeat race has been beaten. B bets it has not. Who wins?" Unless the parties agreed as to the meaning of this bet, it is a draw. There is no faster second heat at four miles than Thad Stevens' 7:30, but nevertheless the time made by that horse in a second heat has been beaten at some part of a four-mile race. We guess this is the rock upon which these parties have split, and, lacking a better understanding, they had better stay split.

TARIFF, Rochester.—The Senate has one sergeant-at-arms, whose salary is $4,320; one doorkeeper, salary $2,592; three assistant doorkeepers, salary $1,800 each; and twenty messengers, salary $1,440. The House of Representatives has one sergeant-at-arms, whose salary is $4,320; one doorkeeper, salary $2,592; one assistant doorkeeper, salary $2,592; six assistant doorkeepers, salary $1,800 each; five messengers, $1,440. Mr. N. S. Ordway, sergeant-at-arms of the House, kindly advises us that none of the foregoing officers receives mileage or other emolument save salary.

W. S. B., Holyoke.—No. Tim Collins and Billy Edwards fought a draw at East New York, L. I., May 25, 1871. The battle was stopped by darkness, and they were to have met again the following morning, but that night both principals were arrested and subsequently sentenced to one year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of $1,000 each. On Dec. 6, same year, they were released from the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, the Supreme Court holding their arrest and confinement to have been illegal. They fought 95 rounds in 2 hours and 15 minutes.

P. P., Phila.—Space in this department will not permit us to give you such answers as the subject requires. It will be far better for you to connect yourself with the Mercantile Association Library in your city, and study the historical works to be found therein. The expense will not be heavy, and the information you will derive from such a course will repay you for the outlay.

W. D., Canandaigua.—1. The first railroad in England built for passenger traffic was opened on Sept. 15, 1830. 2. The first canal of which we have any record was opened on Dec. 17, 1804. 3. The first in the United States, and indeed the first in the world to be built for locomotive-running as a freight and passenger business, was opened in South Carolina on Dec. 25, 1830.

C., Bloomsburg.—1. Gen. George B. McClellan served in action at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, City of Mexico, Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, during the Mexican War, being successively brevetted second lieutenant, first lieutenant and captain, for gallant conduct. 2. Where there is a tie for President, Lo has the shortest eight years old, lacking one month, having been born Dec. 3, 1826.

SPUYTEN DUYIL.—The largest entrance-fee to a purse was $2,500 in gold paid in a short time ago in the Palace Jockey Club of San Francisco. There has been a larger amount paid in—as to the Payton Stakes in 1842—but it was in currency. The largest entrance-fee, being a sweepstakes of each, $1,000 forfeit, the total running up to $41,000.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, East Cambridge.—1. The late Walter Bros., defeated Wm. Sadler in England. Sadler is champion of England. 2. J. G. Bennett owned the yacht Henrietta, which won the ocean race in 1866, defeating the Fleetwing and Vesta. 3. We believe he did make such an offer.

H. A., Springfield.—1. She is residing in retirement in Philadelphia. 2. Such experience would be of no assistance to an agent. His business is a knowledge of men, hotels, routes, hotels, newspapers, etc. 3. Very few assistant agents are employed. They could command a salary of about $25 per week.

H. K., Pittsburg.—1. Chris Lilly, who fought Tom McCoy, was shot and killed on board the Guatemalan war frigate Morazan, July 16, 1857. 2. Wm. Mooney was killed, after being thrown a burster by Lilly, he sank speechless into the arms of his seconds, and died in a few minutes, we presume in the ring.

L. C. S., Toledo.—Unless all parties agree to the contrary, no card can be trump, at all-fours, that is turned up without there having been a deal of three cards around subsequently to the last prior turning up. In other words, in a four-handed game, if the third card turned is not trump, the cards must be bunched.

W. H. T.—1. It is a part of the ethics of draw-poker that a man can "call" one hand, and "show" another. B wins the money. 2. B must show his hand. It makes no difference whether A or B "called" first, save that the one that first shows last. 3. Yes; the parties betting must show to all hands.

INTERESTED READER, Providence.—Philadelphia, 82,709 acres; New York, about 27,621. The uncertainty of the latter is as to the annexed portion, of which we shall probably know more next week. It is estimated, at the Department of Public Works, about 80,000 acres.

YELRADAM.—1. In the case mentioned the law can give your friend no redress. Had she promised to be his, a suit for breach of promise might be brought. 2. The advertisement you send would do you no good, and might get you into trouble, however truthful your statement may be.

O. S., Chatham.—Sea otter highly prized, here, from $40 to $75; land otter, from $5 to $8; seal (small), $8 to $10; medium seal, $10 to $14; large seal, $14 to $16; Fisher, $7; red fox, $1.25 to $2; silver fox, $7 to $12; lynx, $2.25. The coon and marten are not much bought.

S. PORT, Johnstown.—1. Pronounced with the "a" broad, and the Italian sound to the "e" given to a soft sound, similar to "su." 2. She has so starred, being engaged by the various managers. 3. 43 years of age, and married. 4. Laura Keene is dead; her daughter was 45 years of age.

MINSTREL.—From $40 to $100 per week, according to merit and reputation. Qualifications—a knowledge of music, and a good voice and method. A situation could best be procured by securing an interview with some manager, and singing in his presence.

H. REESAR, Chicago.—As we understand your statement, the cards were played 2 (A), 3, 4, 5 and 6. Cooke claims the ace was entitled to a run of three; there is no run for the player of the second trey, who is entitled not to five points, but to two merely, the 3 and 4.

CLIPPER ALMANAC, Providence.—1. There is none. Frame the one you have, covering it with glass. 2. You are in error. The Rebel Ram, Merrimac, was built in 1856, not in '32, '38, '49, '55, '60, and '66, and it will so fall in 1877, '83, '88, '94, and 1905.

J. K., Jr.—It is being evident that B has lost, it is clear that it was very improper in him to have raised his antagonist. But how was he to know what A held? Your question is a singular one, and perhaps it has no reference to draw-poker.

J. F. W., Baltimore.—1. Ole Bull was born Feb. 5, 1810. 2. His home is in Norway. He is now traveling in Europe. 3. He married a young lady (whose name we cannot now recall) residing in Wisconsin. 4. He has not as yet accumulated solely by the exercise of his musical talents.

FOXER 2, Sharon.—Except by special agreement as to a rousing finish, there is no "repeat" in trotting. You must beat four aces. Your friend's hand was a "full," which nothing but four of a kind (or a royal flush, when played) will beat.

E. B., Chicago.—1. "Still Waters Run Deep" was first acted in America at Burton's Theatre, New York, Sept. 12, 1853, the late W. E. Burton acting Jack Mildrop. 2. Mrs. G. H. Barrett died in Boston, Mass., Dec. 22, 1853.

S. H., Brooklyn.—"Counting old and new," as the American method of reckoning at tenpins is called, is a fair way. You can find out all about it by addressing Ed. James for a copy of "American Rule," price 50 cents.

H. C., Utica.—Certainly not. You would find it difficult to get any better engagement than for general utility. 3. We know of no better way. 4. $10 to $15 per week.

H. S., Bagatelle.—There is no paper in which you can find the rules of the French game. Ed. James, 88 Centre, has them in book form, along with the rules of many other games.

LUKE AND THIRTY READERS.—1. It will not interfere, unless the other club is chartered. 2. We presume that, as the Legislature can no longer charter, the Common Council of this city would have to be applied to in your case.

C. F. G., Allegheny.—M's rising from the table was a confession of defeat. His mistake as to the value of his hand must stand against him. All he can do is to appeal to the generosity of his antagonist.

R. & P., New York.—The first United States cent was coined in 1787. Yours is probably one issued under Act of Jan. 14, 1793, when the weight of the copper cent was reduced to 208 grains.

J. A., Newark.—It strikes us that the affair of the carman concerned in another ward. The other riot took place in the ward named, either on March 17 or July 4. But see next week.

INQUISITIVE, Northwood Ridge.—1. They cannot obtain a legal bill in that way. 2. No State will grant a bill of divorce for this cause, and will refuse upon the simple ground that they mutually desire to separate.

A. DE F., South Brooklyn.—We do not appear to have received the fifty cents. We mail paper required, but you could get them sooner by purchasing them of the newsdealers.

E. A. E. Jr., Battle Creek.—She is the great-granddaughter of the great Mrs. Siddons, who died many years ago. She is the original and only person who has ever acted or read under this name, save in this country.

J. MCG.—Wallack's old theatre was for several months used for variety performances, and was known as The New Star.

F. W. S., Chelsea.—Cards running 9, 3, 6, 5, 4, and 3, both the player of the 4 and the player of the last 3 are entitled to the points for a sequence.

MILES, Boston.—The last trial of Edward S. Stokes was finished on Oct. 29, 1873, and he has been in Sing Sing Prison since Nov. 1 of that year.

THOMAS FRANKS, Cincinnati.—She is married. About 35 years of age. 2.-Ed. James, 88 and 90 Centre street, can furnish them.

J. S., San Jose.—The mixture for patching boots without stitching can be had of Thomas Scaife, 416 First street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

F. W., East Suffield.—1. Pedro counts last. 2. If A had three to go, and made low-jack-game, he would be out before B, who might hold high and pedro, and need but two.

NASHUA.—A was notified, and B was entitled to two points. He could not have counted four, even had he made all five tricks.

H. W., Kingston.—Let A and B throw for the watch, A throwing thrice to B's once, thus representing the four chances. No answers by mail.

CROSS READER, Cincinnati.—1. D can order A up, and two points for a euchre is the most D can lose for having ordered up without a trump.

RAMO.—He is now known as Robert Ellingham, and is engaged at Barnum's Hippodrome in this city. He used to lecture upon the living curiosities there.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—When last heard from Frank Drew was in London, Eng., but we cannot give you his address there.

COLONEL, Harrisburg.—1. Which one do you mean? There are several of that name. Possibly the author of the expression received a hint from the play you name.

CHICAGO.—You lose. Nell Flaherty has never run a mile in 1:41, nor has any other horse, so far as is recorded.

F. S., Fashion and Pertona ran on the Union Course, L. I., on May 13, 1845, and at Camden, N. J., on May 28 following.

SMOKY HOLLOW.—You can demonstrate that with a lead pencil and a sheet of paper, if you lack such a set of dominoes.

T. C., Corry.—P loses. There have been several men hung, by due process of law, on other days than Friday, in this country.

CASSINO, Buffalo.—The player wins who first claims game and shows enough to warrant the claim. Neither cards nor any other point has precedence.

T. C.—When the cards are played 3, 6, 4, 2, and 5, the player of the 2 is entitled to two points, and the player of the 5 to a run of five.

F. P. S., Boston.—A nine, a four and three aces are worth a dozen at cribbage—six by fifteens, and six for the run.

SEALER, Fort Wayne.—His address is C. W. Sledger, Secretary National Amateur Association, 248 Fourth avenue, New York.

NEW YORK.—There is no official statement in regard to the Mutual nine of 1875. It will not be known until March next. Probably the initial averages will be given in January.

P. J. DUTTON, Hartford.—The player whose name never did play with the Reds. The Rogers who did was his brother "Frank"—a very different kind of man.

PARKER, Chicago.—1. He has acted in London. 2. It is correct as we gave it. It is often mispronounced as you have it. 3. You have separated, but only tempora lly.

N. MC. F., Fort Colville.—1. "The Black Crook" on its first production ran 474 performances. 2. We cannot say. 3. Of H. Phillips & Co., 711 Broadway.

A. M. B.—It is rather misty, but the rule is controlled by the rules of the National Association, whatever they are.

J. H., St. Louis.—The Chicagos "chicagoed" the Boston Reds in September last by 30 to 0.

E. A. LA F., Washington.—The advertisement will cost one dollar and fifty cents for each insertion.

WATSON GREEN LEE, Philadelphia.—We are without such record.

J. F. DAY, Deering.—All the chances taken must be thrown before the decision of a die.

CONSTANT READER, Georgetown.—Sizes are high at poker dice.

F. & S., Dodson.—Foley's room, Chicago, has more billiard tables than any other.

G. W. B., Titusville.—High deals at euchre; and, in cutting, the cards have the same value as when trumps.

C. C., Philadelphia.—Apply to one of the dramatic agencies advertised in the CLIPPER.

H. E., Newark.—6. The player next to the dealer on the left always leads.

INTEREST, Philadelphia.—We do not believe it is possible for you to get a copy of the old supplement.

HARRY J., Phila.—Your consignment arrived in good time, and will have early attention.

O! ROWDLES.—1. May the same be your lot. 2. The last budget will be presented soon.

O. M., Indianapolis.—They are in Cuba. We presume the party mentioned is with them. No answers by mail.

FOND-DU-LAC.—It will be necessary to state an actual case.

GILL.—The officers can eject whom they please, and may be fined or put out of office for too great zeal or too little.

H. O.—There is no necessity of playing the hand out. Call out when you think you have enough.

D. J. E.—Williamsburg and Brooklyn were consolidated in 1856.

A. B. C.—Consult your family physician, first of all; you have none, then consult your pastor.

DECLINED.—"'Tis Ever of Thee."

PROVIDENCE.—Aces, king, queen and jack are not a run of four at cribbage.

C. W. A., Brewsters.—1. We know of no such book. 2. A is right. The jack counts.

F. M.—Apply at the office of the company, No. 4 Bowling Green.

A CONSTANT READER.—Morrissey never fought "Sam the Black."

CAMBRIDGE.—We don't believe the contest you allude to ever took place.

LECTURER.—You can get it at any of the larger book stores. Price, $12.

SPORTSMAN.—Stonehenge's "Encyclopedia of Rural Sports" is published by Porter & Coates of Philadelphia.

C. S. S., Bridgeport.—Address him at No. 1961, North Eleventh street, Philadelphia.

W. E. H., Phila.—Please explain what is meant by raising the dice-box.

HARRY.—We do not know which "town in the United States is the largest fish-market," but New York ought to be.

PEDRO, Cayuga.—You cannot bid twice, except by consent of all the players.

A. B. S., Verulam Club, London, Eng.—Fred Grant married a Miss Honore, the daughter of a Western gentleman.

J. N., New Brunswick.—A loses. Edward S. Stokes was not sentenced finally until Oct. 29 of last year.

ELLA, Baltimore.—We have lost track of him since he left the professional ranks.

MC S., West Newton.—Three fives and two fours beat three fours and two aces.

J. W. H., St. Louis.—Jack deals at euchre, when both jack and ace are cut.

D. S., Davenport.—After the blind has been made good at draw poker, the ace is with the eldest hand.

J. J. C., Bryan.—B could either accept the card or demand a fresh one.

T. MCG., Memphis.—You can get it of Wm. Simpson, who advertises.

S. B., Toronto.—A misdeal at cassino forfeits the game or the leg, whichever is being played.

J. H. C., Farmington.—The "other matter" had no reference to you.

MRS. G. M.—The verses came too late to be of service.

CHARLES HEARTZOG.—The letters are still in our care.

J. S., Grand Rapids.—No; nor since, in our opinion.

H. H. H., Iowa City.—We do not favor acrostics.

EASTOE.—2-14. See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

JACKSON, Dayton.—We cannot say.

## THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC

**For 1875,**

**Is Now Ready.**

CONTENTS.

A THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY, embracing a record of the more important events that have transpired in connection with the drama in this country and Europe—the dates when theatres and amphitheatres were opened—a list of those destroyed by fire—date of birth, first appearance and death of noted actors, actresses and singers—also interesting data relating to minstrelsy and other amusements.

A SPORTING CHRONOLOGY, giving the dates and particulars of all the principal sporting events that have occurred in this country and Europe from 1719 to date.

A RECORD OF FASTEST TIME, ETC., in horse racing, trotting, rowing, pedestrianism; railroad, steamer and sailing time; and records of jumping, lifting, snow-shoe racing, ratting, engine-playing, running with engines, hose companies, etc.

A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA.

SEATING CAPACITY OF THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

AN ARTISTIC FRONTISPIECE, WITH POEM.

Calendars for the Year, a Calendar for all Time, Astronomical occurrences for the Year, Statistics of Population, Postal Regulations, and Rates of Postage, Difference of Time between New York and other cities, Table of Distances, Length of Principal Rivers, Height of Towers, Spires and Monuments, Increment of Population, the Amphitheatre, Curious Chronological Items Referring to Puritan Supremacy, Symbolisms of Color, National Colors, Directions for Restoring Persons Apparently Drowned, the Five Ages, English Habeas-corpus Act, Famous Horses, Great Libraries of the World, Jewels in the English Crown, Laws for the Million, Mile of Different Nations, Presidents of the United States, Rise and Fall of Tide at Different Seaports, Theories of Date of Creation, Table for Foretelling the Weather, Famous Makers of Violins, Seven Wise Men of Greece.

ALICE DANE, A STORY OF CHRISTMAS-TIME.

THE MIMIC AND REAL, OR DEATH ON THE STAGE.

THE LAST INTERVIEW, poem.

HIS FINAL EXIT, etc.

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FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

FRANK QUEEN, Publisher,

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P. O. BOX 3,860. New York.

SPECIAL TO TURFMEN.—The records of Strideaway and Disco Prince, among the stallions, should read 2:30 and 2:24¼. The record 2:23¾, given to Strideaway as a stallion, appears to be that of Strideaway the bay gelding. These errors—both as to horses of comparatively little prominence, fortunately—were not discovered until THE ALMANAC had passed nearly through the press.

## HAPPY NEW YEAR.

**"Here we are again,"** all primed and ready to shoot out the old year and ring in the new. We cannot say that we have many regrets in parting with 1874, for it has brought distress and misery in its train, and it leaves them as heirlooms to its successor, 1875. And yet it also brought to us some happy moments, some joys that were not thought of when the year was young, and when hearts were sore; it has cemented friendships, taught us lessons of humanity and charity, and let in many a ray of bright sunshine where all was dark and drear before. But it has likewise bereft many a household of its sunlight, and taken away from our midst the loved, the beautiful and the true. Hearts that were light twelve months ago—hearts that were pulsating with life and hope and happiness—have ceased to beat, ceased to respond to the sighs and wears and loving words that would fain call the loved and the lost "back from the echoless shore." Death! What is it? Who has ever found himself prepared for the dread event? Who, till it comes, has ceased to hope that it might not come? Or who, when it comes, can say: "I have watched for it so long with troubled heart that now it finds me without a sigh and tearless eyes?" Alas! the stern fatality has bitter pangs of its own that we know not of in anticipation. When the loved child, the sister or brother, the father or mother, or perchance some dearer one than either of our kin, is stricken by the hand of death, though we often whispered the terrible realization to ourselves that they must die, mourned in secret over the dread decree, what are these sad anticipations to that solemn moment when the breath quits the ashy lips and wings its spirit-flight to its Creator? Wait till the tongue is mute and the glazed eye closed forever, when the dream of death is reality, then, and not till then, do we realize or know the poignant anguish of that moment.

But "let the dead past bury its dead," if you know what that means, or can put an intelligent construction upon the mystical words. We speak of the living present, and of the embryotic future. To-day, we entertain a monarch, even David of the Cannibal Islands. No other kingly ruler has ever stood upon "the free and unstained soil" of this mighty republic; and so, to do honor to the occasion, we are putting the ex-cannibal through a regular course of New York sprouts. Could we induce the dark one to prolong his stay, we might induct him into the art and mystery of making New-Year calls; but Boston claims his presence, and to Boston he must go.

Every household is preparing for the New-Year feast, every marriageable daughter is putting herself in order for the close scrutiny of the coming man. It is well. With the departure of the old year, our acting Mayor goes out. With the advent of the new, the recently elected chief-magistrate of our city takes his seat—whether for weal or for woe, Time alone can determine. Let us hope that his administration may be honest and true, and worthy of the emulation of his successors. The signs of the times are for better government, and for a more just administration of the laws. Reform is the watchword.

In peering into the future we catch gleams of light that give augury of better times, of more general prosperity throughout the nation, and a more healthy condition of the body politic. The errors of the past have taught us a wholesome lesson that we are likely to profit by. So, let the revels proceed, to the end that the year 1875 may be a happy one "to those whom it may concern."

ALREADY the question concerning the probable winners of the baseball championship of 1875 is being seriously discussed. Truly, it is a live game, and the coldest weather cannot freeze it out. Each succeeding year but serves to add interest to the sport, and to bring out superior exhibitions of shrewdness, agility and correct batting, pitching and throwing on the part of the players. For the coming campaign the competition promises to be more than usually animated.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN GOOSE will give their second grand fly in Philadelphia, at "Big Injun Hall," Third and Brown streets, on the evening of Tuesday, January 26. For an invitation to take a flutter with the other geese, and to join in the festivities announced to take place within the goosely coop, we offer up many thanks. Our bonison be with these, noble knights.

NEW-YEAR callers should bear in mind that a little of a good thing goes a great way; so that if they expect to go a great ways they will have to take very little of the many good things set before them as they go marching round.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC is a great success. A correspondent writes to say that he purchased three copies of our almanac, for future reference, and suggests that *all-wen-ac* the same.

CALIFORNIA holds the "right *Bower*" since the termination of the recent great wrestling match in San Francisco.

OUR JIM cannot fathour the mystery of a fire being *hottest* when its *coaled!*

SKATING.—The ball was up at Central Park on Dec. 26 for the first time this season; but Sunday's thaw put a stop to skating in the metropolis. There has been no ball up at Prospect Park this season as yet. At the Capitoline Lake on Christmas-day there was a large crowd of skaters, as also on Saturday up to Saturday night, when the sport ceased on account of the thaw.

## DEATH'S DOINGS.

### Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ARBECKLE, William M.—Formerly a leading merchant of the city.—New York, Dec. 26.

ANDERSON, Col. Samuel J.—Formerly private secretary to Governor Crawford of Georgia. Committed suicide under the spur of financial embarrassment.—Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 21.

BROWN, Captain James.—Of Brooklyn, N. Y. Suddenly.—there, Dec. 22, aged 46.

BAILEY, Daniel.—Of Lebanon, Ct., and a member of the Legislature of that State. He was an officer in the church at Liberty Hill, and a strong temperance advocate. Committed suicide.—Lebanon, Dec. 23.

BUCK, Hon. George W.—A prominent trader in Elmira County, N. Y. He was an ex-Member of the Assembly, having been elected to serve two terms.—Chemung, N. Y., Dec. 23.

BOROLAJOVSK, Prince Nicholas.—A Servian noble, who had been forced to leave his own country because the peasantry believed that he came from a family of vampires. The superstition further ran that for three generations the eldest son of this family had risen from their graves to drink the blood of living people.—Paris, France, recently.

BYERLY, D. C.—Business manager and principal owner of *The New Orleans Bulletin*. He was a native of Pennsylvania, learned type-setting, and about 1841 removed to New Orleans, where from 1856 until 1861 he was foreman of the office of the *Bulletin*. In 1861 he joined Col. Breaux's regiment of Louisiana infantry, with the rank of lieutenant, and served with distinction in the Army of the West. Returning to New Orleans after the war, he was twice elected Clerk of the Third District Court. Stabbed to death in a rencontre with ex-Gov. Warmoth of Louisiana.—New Orleans, Dec. 26, aged 47.

BARTHOLOMEW, Capt. W. H.—Of the Sixteenth Regiment of U. S. Infantry. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and entered the army in 1861 with the rank of second-lieutenant. In December, 1862, he was brevetted major in the volunteer service, and in January, 1865, he was made a captain in the regular army.—Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 24.

CHASE, Mrs Ann.—Wife of Franklin Chase, ex-Consul-general to Mexico. It was through her agency that Tampico, Mexico, fell into the hands of the United States troops, who in her honor changed the name of the stronghold to Fort Ann. She was born in Scotland, came to this country in 1824, and at Tampico, about twelve years before the outbreak of the War, married Mr. Chase, with whom she came to this city in 1871.—Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 22, aged 67.

CLARK, Lewis A. Cottrell.—A literary associate of the late Edgar A. Poe about 1843. Under the firm name of Clark & Poe they published a monthly magazine called *The Stylus*; and, upon the death of the latter, he edited the *Philadelphia Courier*, Edgar A. Poe was his literary and art critic.—Camden, N. J., Dec. 23.

GOODMAN, Rev. Daniel.—Formerly a member of the Baltimore Methodist Episcopal Conference, but for the past twelve years pastor of the Western Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C. His wife had been insane for several years, which preyed upon his mind, drove him to suicide.—Washington, Dec. 27.

CROCKER, Hon. Alvah.—Representative in Congress from the Fourth District of Massachusetts.—Fitchburg, Mass., Dec. 26.

DUFFY, Mrs. Mary.—Mother of Rev. Dr. Duffy, assistant pastor of St. Ann's R. C. Church, this city.—Harlem, N. Y. City, Dec. 21, aged 77.

ELDRIDGE, Thomas P.—For the past twenty-one years a merchant of this city, and partner in the firm which he removed after having amassed a substantial fortune in Liverpool. He was successively connected with the metropolitan dry-goods houses of George Bliss & Co., Phelps, Bliss & Co., and Eldridge, Evans, Peake & Co. He was a native of Williamstown, Mass.—this city, Dec. 18, aged 45.

GERARD, Rev. J. S.—Counselor-at-law — Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 20, aged 33.

GLOVER, David T.—Of Schralenburg, N. J., and formerly of Brooklyn; their eight-days'-old babe was an old Hell Gate pilot.—Schrolenburg, Dec. 25, aged 59.

GRONING, Daniel von.—Consular agent of the Italian Government at Richmond, Va. Suddenly, of apoplexy.—there, Dec. 20, aged 56.

GRANT, Rev. Silliman B., D. D.—Since 1867 pastor of the First Baptist Church in Fitchburg, Mass. Prior to that he was a missionary in charge of the Third Baptist Church in New London, Ct.—Fitchburg, Mass., Dec. 17.

GOETZ, Morritz.—About 1861, editorially connected with *The New Yorker Journal*, and in 1867 associate editor of *The New Yorker Journal*. Failing sight brought on poverty and despondency, and he hanged himself. He was a native of Cobleniz, Germany, came to this country in 1853, and at first was connected with a Baltimore paper.—this city, Dec. 26.

HERNANDEZ, A. M.—Pantomimist. (See Amusements) —South America, Oct. 26.

HAROLD, Lena.—Child actress. (See Drama)—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 24, aged 8.

JOHNSON, Rev. Winfield S.—One of the oldest lawyers in New Jersey, having been appointed to the bar in 1828. He was Secretary of State from 1861 to 1866, and later was engaged in Bankruptcy for several years.—Trenton, N. J., Dec. 24

JENNINGS, Z. T.—Member of Company K, Twenty-second Regiment N. G., S. N. Y.—this city, Dec. 24, aged 27.

JONES, J. Mather.—Publisher of the Welsh paper *Y-Dryd*.—Utica, N. Y., Dec. 21.

KNOWLES, Joseph.—Formerly publisher of *The Providence Journal* since 1838, but for several years past detected in ill-health from taking an active part in business.—that city, Dec. 21.

KINGSBURY, John.—President of the Washington Insurance Co. of Providence, R. I.—there, Dec. 21.

KEMPSON, Amy Esther.—Daughter of Dr. Kempson of Mount Pleasant, N. J.—there, Dec. 24, aged 18.

LEE, Rev. David J.—Superintendent of the Missions on the Amazon, in behalf of the South American Missionary Society of London, Eng., being the first American clergyman thus honored. He was formerly pastor of the Episcopal Church in San Francisco, Cal. Drowned by the upsetting of the bark Amity, from Philadelphia for Antwerp. In the Daniels murder case, at Cincinnati, on the jury rendered a verdict of manslaughter, and the prisoner was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

LORD, Mrs. Ruth T.—Widow of Eleasar Lord, LL.D., and sister of Rev. Dr. Thompson, D.D., of Boston, and of Prof. William Thompson, D.D., of Hartford, Ct.—Piermont, N. Y., Dec. 25, aged 71.

LEWIS, Paul R.—A veteran sea-captain, and for many years an active member of the New York Port Society. His first voyage was made from New Bedford in the whaler Phebe, in 1823. Shortly afterwards, and until 1840, he sailed from this port. He also ran the Pacific coast for a while. His birthplace was Hudson, N. Y.—Mt. Vernon, Westchester Co., N. Y., Dec. 23, aged 72.

MILHAU, Dr. John.—Baltimore, Md., and for the past thirty years an extensive druggist in this city, his store being located on Broadway, near Cortlandt street. He was a member of the College of Pharmacy—this city, Dec. 23, aged 79.

MARVIN, Dr. George.—An aged resident of Brooklyn, L. I.—there, Dec. 23, aged 76.

MARSH, Miss Emma.—Actress—this city, Dec. 23.

MILLS, Frederic S.—Dramatic agent, (See Drama)—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 18.

MCDIARMID, John.—Lately a member of the Board of Assessors, and an active Republican politician in Brooklyn, N. Y.—that city, Dec. 26.

POLLOCK, Margaret Atcheson.—Wife of Rt. Rev. Bishop Pollock.—New York—this city, Dec 26, aged 64.

RUSSELL, Johnson.—Formerly a prominent industry in this country.—Greenfield, Mass., Dec. 27, aged 75.

SMITH, Gerrit.—The distinguished advocate of freedom for the Black race, he was born in Utica, N. Y., his father being Peter Smith, who for some years was associated with John Jacob Astor in the fur trade, and who afterwards became a large landholder in Madison and Oneida County, this State, became one of the heaviest land-owners on this continent. His son Gerrit was educated at Hamilton College, where he was trained mainly for the law, but also for general business, and whence he graduated in 1818. Exhibiting a knack for politics, he was a delegate to the convention that, about 1827, nominated De Witt Clinton for Governor of this State. Ever contemporaneously, he associated himself with the American Colonization Society, and in 1835 he attended the Utica convention that gave birth to the American Anti-Slavery Society. In 1852 he was elected to Congress from the Oswego and Madison District. He was as strong an advocate of temperance as he was opponent of human slavery. One of his last prominent acts was his signing of Jefferson Davis' bail-bond, although throughout the conflict brought about by Davis' treason he was a firm friend of the Union. He was opposed to land monopoly, and of his own property he distributed 200,000 acres among institutions of learning and 3,000 acres to the black men.—In 1833 he was admitted to practice in the State and U. S. Courts of New York, and afterwards took part in many momentous trials.—New York city, May 28, aged 78.

SWEEZY, Mary.—Widow of Isaac Sweezy of Riverhead, L. I., and formerly widow of Col. Joseph O. Bogart of this city.—Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 24, aged 74.

TISCHENDORFF, Professor Dr. C.—Professor of theology and biblical literature in the University of Leipsic, in which, nearly fifty years before, he had been a student. He was a native of Saxony, and for the advancement of both philology and theology had traveled extensively in Egypt, Syria and Asia Minor. In 1865 he visited Mount Sinai, and there found the treasure for honors conferred upon him. In 1869 the Czar made him a Count of the Russian Empire.—Leipsic, Dec. 1, aged 59.

VINING, Mrs. Henry.—Actress. (See foreign dramatic news.)

WALKER, James, D. D.—Born in Burlington, Mass., graduated at Harvard College in 1814, and studied at Cambridge for the Bar. From 1818 to 1820, when he resigned, he was pastor of the Unitarian Society in Charlestown, Mass. He then became Alford Professor of Moral Philosophy at Harvard University, a position he retained until 1853. He was then chosen president of that institution, and remained such until 1861, when ill-health necessitated his resignation. From 1831 to 1839 he was one of the editors of *The Christian Examiner*.—Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 23, aged 80.

WASHINGTON, Henry.—Said to have been a cousin of General George Washington. For years he was a surveyor by profession.—Shreveport, La., about Dec. 15, aged 80.

YATES, Mrs. Martha R.—Widow of the late James D. Yates, and mother-in-law of Dr. E. H. James—this city, Dec. 27, aged 86.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ Dec. 21: In the U. S. Senate the bill agreed upon by the Republican caucus, providing for the resumption of specie payments, was reported by Mr. Sherman.....Richard W. Irwin was elected Reading Clerk of the Senate.....Arms of the U. S. House of Representatives for contempt in refusing to testify before the Ways and Means Committee in the Pacific Mail bribery case.....A stroke of lightning exploded a powder-magazine in Scutari, Turkey, killing and wounding about 200 persons, demolishing many houses, and breaking all the glass in the city wall.....The coroner's jury in the case of Captain Bourne of the Brooklyn, L. I., Police, rendered a verdict of accidental shooting, and Mr. Pollock was discharged.....Col. Daniel J. Anderson, formerly private secretary to Gov. Crawford of Georgia, committed suicide at Atlanta.....Tom Ballard the counterfeiter was recaptured and taken back to the Auburn, N. Y., Jail.....Jonathan Bushing, who broke jail at Norristown, Pa., was also rearrested.....Six men were killed and one badly injured by the explosion of a boiler in J. B. Laird & Co.'s saw-mill at Angelica, Wis.

☞ Dec. 22: The Specie-payment Resumption bill passed the U. S. Senate, the Democratic members voting against it.....In the House of Representatives the Sundry Appropriation Bill, appropriating about $17,000,000, was passed; and a resolution was adopted authorizing the Ways and Means Committee to take Further investigation to hold sessions in New York.....It was called that 1,200 Spanish men-of-war Albatross and Nautilus, previously directed to withdraw from the Spanish coast, had been ordered to remain at Santander, and demand satisfaction for an attack by Carlists upon the German brig Gustav; that Prince Bismarck moved in the Federal Council that an extradition treaty be concluded with the United States, which shall replace all similar treaties now existing between this country and the various German Governments; that the journal of the Paris Geographical Society had a statement for two weeks; and that the bark Arabella, from Bemerara for Liverpool, Eng., had been destroyed by fire in the harbor of Port of Spain, Trinidad.....A young man supposed to be Wm. Foxcraft, was reported to have died from the effects of intoxication in the Woonsocket, R. I., Jail.....The dwelling of Alfred Ford, near Pomfret, Conn., was robbed, and Mrs. Ford murdered by a tramp.....Hoboken Clipper (Chas. Carroll) and Pat Malone, purse, off-hand, 2 om., police interfered, draw, N. Y. City, Jan. 8.....Hanley, Eddy, beat Patsy Shaughnessy, purse, off-hand, 100 rounds, 1Hr., N. Y. City, February.

Hogan, Patsy, beat James Trevillian, $500, catch-weight, 3 rounds, 3Hrs., at Wilmington, Del., near Philadelphia, Pa., March 22.....Stakes sued for, but not recovered.

Harris, William, (Dooney), dangerously shot by Wm. Gallihus were ordered to the floor space of the Court-room.....Chief Engineer Hall was dismissed by the Board of Fire Commissioners of Cleveland, O., for various misdemeanors.....At San Francisco, Cal., Moses G. Cobb, a prominent member of the Democratic party, was shot dead by Mrs. Smyth, a client.....Gov. Hartranft of Pennsylvania signed the death-warrant of Frederic Heidenblut appointing Jan. 30, 1875, as the day of execution.....Bernard Tully, Daniel Murphy, Martin Sullivan and James Burns were, by the overturning of a bucket, precipitated to the bottom of the shaft of the new tunnel under Bergen Hill, N. J.....Many skating fatalities were reported from England.....The difficulties with the Turcoman tribes in Khiva were represented settled.....Eighteen persons were stated to have been drowned by the foundering of the bark Amity, from Philadelphia for Antwerp. In the Daniels murder case, at Cincinnati, on the jury rendered a verdict of manslaughter, and the prisoner was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.....Congress adjourned until Jan. 5.....Nelson Tracy was accidentally killed by being caught in the machinery at Stevens' mill, Quinnebaug, Mass.....In this city Jacob Bergen was killed by a blow from his residence by being struck on the head with a stone thrown from a blast.....Losses by fire: Wise & Londheimer's tobacco factory, St. Louis, Mo., loss $45,000, fully insured; several buildings at Clinton, O., loss $30,000; Fowers' tannery, Delhi, Ont., loss about $22,000, uninsured, Johnston & Brothers' and Johnson & Weeks' stores, Brooklyn, L. I.—loss $14,000, insured for $13,000; the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.'s freight depot, Green Island—loss $10,000, insured.

☞ Dec. 24: Twenty miners were killed by an explosion in the Signali-hill Colliery, North Staffordshire, Eng.....Two American war-vessels were reported to have entered the harbor of Hong Kong, China, with additional survivors of the burned steamship Japan.....An express train was thrown down an embankment into a canal near Woodstock, Eng., thirty persons being killed and fifty wounded, ten fatally.....John Wo

be large. The games are to be exhibition ones, however, and not for purses.

ILLNESS OF JAMES MULLIN.—This well-known professional is now so feeble that he is desirous of entering St. Luke's Hospital. It will, perhaps, be sufficient to say to those who have known "Jimmy" for nearly thirty years, and especially those who have employed him or have worked with him, that years of ill health have dissipated the little store he had providently laid aside for the dark days, and that his immediate necessities are far beyond his means. As in his better days he dealt liberally with the deserving who were in want, his claim to be remembered in his own affliction is all the stronger. His ailment is pulmonary, and of so pronounced a type as to have rendered him almost speechless.

GARNIER VS. RUDOLPHE.—We have been informed, upon authority that is deemed reliable, that Garnier, so far from accepting as conclusive the result of his late encounter with Rudolphe, is desirous of another test, and will play Rudolphe for $1,000 a side, if the difficulty as to choice of table can be surmounted by a concession.

OBITUARY.—Mr. John Ferrall, well-known in billiard circles in this city, and who for a year or thereabouts was the proprietor of a room in Williamsburg—the Odeon, we believe—was buried on Dec. 21. His was a genial nature, and he made friends everywhere. He was the son of a prominent Brooklyn brewer, and had reached his thirty-fifth year.

## THE RING.

### EDWARDS AND CLARKE SET-TO—CARD FROM THE LATTER.

In our past issue appeared a paragraph relating to the glovical meeting between John H. Clark and Billy Edwards in Philadelphia, Pa., recently. The information upon which the article was based was obtained from eyewitnesses of that encounter, men whom we believe to be entirely disinterested. The Quaker City sparrer, however, thinks that due credit has not been given him, and requests the publication of his version of the affair, which we present underneath, not desiring to act unjustly toward either principal. We presume Edwards will make known his ideas concerning the passage-at-arms, and manifest a willingness to meet Clark again at the time designated by the latter, provided his professional engagements will admit of it.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—John H. Clark of Philadelphia wishes to inform the public at large that on Friday night, Dec. 18, he was engaged by J. M. Mortimer, proprietor of the Grand Central Theatre, to spar with Billy Edwards, who was filling an engagement there with Arthur Chambers. Edwards and I contested five rounds. In the second round I received a cut over my right eye, caused by his head coming in contact. My friends say he did this malliciously, as he did the same on a former occasion. In the third round I knocked him on the flat of his back in the centre of the stage, and he being unable to continue the round, Chambers took him to his corner as he would a drunken man. All this in the presence of nearly two thousand people. In round four I forced the fighting and threw him in his corner. There are several hundred respectable citizens who can testify to the above. I have never fought, and never intend to enter the ring, but want credit when credit is due. I have sparred for Billy Edwards on three separate occasions, and if he feels anxious to meet me again, I am ready and willing to accommodating to give Jan. 11, in this city, and I will bear his expenses to and from New York, and while here also.

Yours, respectfully, JOHN H. CLARK.

*Phila.*, Dec. 23, 1874.

ROOKE'S NIGHT.—The festivities incidental to the closing hours of the departing year at Harry Hill's home of hilarity will be inaugurated at an early hour in the afternoon of Thursday, Dec 31, when the recognized champion of middle-weights, George Rooke, will be the hero of the hour, and do his level best to render a full equivalent for the spare dollars of his friends, and all others who admire the art of boxing. The bill of the play promises a bang-up entertainment, chockful of fistical bouts between good men and true, added to which will be contests in the art of wrestling, exhibitions of skill in manipulating light and heavy muscle-developers, and a pleasing and varied performance by the members of Hill's troupe. The great set-to of the day, winding-up the show, will bring into opposition Rooke and Joe Coburn, the latter having, we learn, faithfully promised to spar with George.

JOE COBURN'S EXHIBITION at Wood's Museum, this city, on Christmas-eve, was largely attended, and none who went came away dissatisfied. Only three set-to's occurred, which must have pleased the audience being that between Johnny Carman (the first time in years that this very clever light-weight has sparred in public) and Patsy Hogan, which was brimful of science and was generously applauded by the spectators, the majority of whom fell disposed to give Smith's right hand man the place of honor. Mike Coburn and Ned Mallahan followed with one of their easy-going bouts; and when they bowed themselves off, the beneficiary and Larry Powers of Chicago gave the wind-up, wherein Coburn's superiority was made manifest. The sets-to took place between the acts of "Arrah-na-Pogue," performed by the Museum company.

FIDDLER NEARY has taken Apollo Hall, No. 76 Prince street, just east of Broadway, this city, for Monday evening, Jan. 4, when the exhibition, projected some time ago, will take place for his benefit. Neary will then encounter Pete Croker, and as both these lads have been before the public slashing glove combats with Billy Edwards, a cracking good set-to may be anticipated, each endeavoring to obtain the upper-hand, and thereby making no end of sport for the ringites who take it in. Billy Madden, George Siler, George Seddons and "The Mouse," and a number of others will assist in making the fun by and by time pass merrily, while Uncle Tovee will oversee matters. Neary has been in rather hard lines lately, and the boys ought to step up and in, and see that the show nets him abundance of the wherewithal to settle such bills of particulars as may be presented.

JACK LOONEY of St. Louis, Mo., who has been laid up for nearly three months with a critical case of aneurism in one of his legs, has recovered his health. In token of his gratitude and esteem he presented Dr. Nidelet, the attending physician, with a magnificent gold watch, valued, we learn, at $500. The ticker bears this inscription: "Dr. Nidelet, from his friend John Looney, Jan. 1, 1875. Never say fail."

TOMMY MAHER of Ward IV, this city, was stowed away in the Tombs on the night of Dec. 26, for having made himself unpleasantly familiar, through the medium of an ale-bottle, with Police-officer Murphy's scalp.

PROF. JOHN H. CLARK has been tendered a complimentary testimonial to take place at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the evening of Jan. 11. The windup will be between Arthur Chambers and John H. Clark.

ALF MILLS requests that we express his thanks to Billy McLean, Geo. McIntyre, Jack Hogan and others for services rendered at his recent benefit in the City of Bricks.

MIKE DONOVAN is at present giving instruction to the pupils at Harry Kahlor's Gymnasium, corner of Front and Union streets, Philadelphia.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care for George Ogden and James McAlpin.

JOHN DONNELLY, the Chicago, Ill., knight of the fives, has become a boniface in that city.

## PEDESTRIANISM.

DEATH OF A NOTED PEDESTRIAN.—Harry A. Reed, who in his day was one of England's speediest pedestrians, and whose career was most successful, died at the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, London, on Sunday, Dec. 6, aged 40. His greatest performance was when he beat George Seward, the famous American, at Harlington Corner, Hounslow, in a quarter-mile race; and his time on the occasion—48½sec.—was the best on record until beaten by Buttery, who did 48¼sec. quite recently. For a number of years he was attached to the staff of *Bell's Life* and *The Sporting Life*, but some years ago engagements with the Hurlington Club occupied his whole attention and necessitated his retirement from reportorial life, since which time things did not go well with him, his too social disposition becoming more than ever his bane, and mental affliction following physical decay.

WE HAVE LETTERS (4) for Ed. P. Weston.

### A Simple Cure for Diphtheria.

HOUSTON, Texas, Dec. 20.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—As diphtheria appears to be so prevalent in many of the States far to the east and north of this, will you please publish the following prescription? It is "an old woman's remedy," but it cured me in Warrenton, N. C., in 1858, and I will stake my life on its curing anyone who is old enough to gargle. Make a quart of red-pepper tea, as strong as possible. Add a tablespoonful of common table-salt, and sweeten with honey to suit the palate. Keep it before a good fire (not on the fire), and let the patient take a swallow out of the pitcher as often as he or she can stand it. Hold the head back, and gargle well. The throat won't get raw for the honey will soothe it. In extreme cases, give one dose of castor-oil immediately. J. K.

CRIBBAGE.—William Parker of Boston, Mass., writes to us as follows, under date of Dec. 22: "I received through the mail a challenge from a man in San Francisco, named Baldwin, who proposes to play me the games of cribbage for $500. He pretends to be the champion of California. If he means business, let him put up a forfeit of $100 in your hands, and I will cover it. Game to be played in New York."

THE USES OF A RATTLESNAKE we never knew until we read the following letter received by our postmaster yesterday from a gentleman away up in the State of Wisconsin. The letter reads as follows:

May The 4th 1874.

Pleas Mr. Postmaster i Wish to Take the priveliege of Writing A Few Lines to you to let you know About Matters or What i want i Har your County Abounds with Rattle Snakes i wish to get a Rattle Snake Heart i have Known of instances Where a Rattle Hearts Has Cured the Consumtion that has cured some in this County that is what i want it for i Dont expect you to get one But Some Honest Clever Man in the Country A Farmer Perhaps would Kill one And take His Heart out Wash And Dry it wash in Cold water so As Not to Take The substance out of it Dry It And send to Me i Will be A thousand Times oblige to you the way the indians used To Do They eat them all but the head they let lie for half an hour if they don't swell they use them if they swell they have bite themselves. i wish to be careful about that because i would not want it If it was poisoned they aint no Danger if they don't Bite themselves if they do they will immediately when Killed swell up there is none in this country i thought that Be a good Plan to get one Wash in cold water Dry it And put inside of a Piece of paper and Put in an envelope and send to me and oblige

TAMPERING WITH THE EYES.—A Boston opthalmic surgeon, of high reputation, in a recently published work has given some hints concerning eye affections, which, in the present rage for quack remedies, cannot be too widely known. He assures us that the far-sightedness of old eyes, instead of being due to the flattening of the cornea, or front of the eye-ball, is the result of the gradual hardening and consequent loss of elasticity of the crystalline lens. In relation to a favorite quack system of treatment he says: "It is a miscellaneous error to suppose that the form of an elastic globe filled with fluid or semi-fluid substances can be changed, except for the moment, by pressing upon it with the fingers, as has been recommended by charlatans. Also, the theory that the eye can have its form favorably modified by rubbing it always in one direction, or by any other manipulation, has no foundation in fact. But while persistent squeezing according to these methods can never do any good, it involves great risks. It may lead to congestion and hemorrhage within the eyes, or give rise to destructive inflammation, or the formation of cataract by dislocating the crystalline lens, or cause almost immediate loss of sight by the separation of the retina, or nervous distribution, from the neighboring parts." It is to be hoped that warnings like these will not be lightly passed over.

### BADGER'S DEBUT AS HAMLET.

BY LITCHFIELD MOSELEY.

"That's something like a bill," said Jobson, the manager, holding it against the wall, and addressing me as I entered his sanctum. It read as follows:

REOPENING
of the
THEATRE ROYAL, SLUSHINGTON,
Under the sole management of Mr. Leonardo Jobson.
ENGAGEMENT OF THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN,
MR. TITUS B. BADGER
(From the principal Theatres of the United States, California, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, the Caribees and Timbuctoo),
WHO WILL APPEAR IN HIS GREAT IMPERSONATION OF
HAMLET,
AS PERFORMED BY HIM FOR 1,231 NIGHTS WITH THE GREATEST SUCCESS.

The entire press of the two hemispheres has unanimously pronounced this gentleman to be the only successor to Edmund Kean.

SUPPORTED BY A POWERFUL COMPANY, SELECTED FROM THE PRINCIPAL METROPOLITAN THEATRES.

After which will be presented an entirely
NEW AND ORIGINAL FARCE,
entitled
SKEDADDLING!!!

Notwithstanding the enormous expense of this engagement, there will be no advance in the prices.

"That's something like a bill," again said Jobson, stepping back a few paces in order more fully to admire it. "What do you think of it, eh?"

I had picked up a slight acquaintance with the manager, who was—to use the mildest term possible—a theatrical adventurer, with as many aliases as there are letters in the alphabet; one of those sharp individuals whose trickiness brings the stage into disrepute.

"A very taking poster," I replied.

"Think so?" said he. "There's one fault in it—Badger's name isn't half *large* enough. You won'dn't believe the difference that an inch or two of type makes to a tragedian. Supposing I leave that bill as it is, nobody will think anything of Badger. Give him two-inch letters, people will glance at the name, and pass on; increase them to *four*, and they'll wonder who Badger is; put him in *twelve*-inch type, and we shan't know where to seat the people. I'm having some posters done now with letters four feet high, and nothing on them but 'Badger;' and if they don't draw in the public my name's not—Bless me! if I know what my name is!"

"I should not have thought it," I replied.

"Shouldn't you? Why, if we had Phelps down here, and only gave him ordinary type, I don't believe we should have fifty people in the house."

"Indeed! But who is Badger?" I asked. "I never heard of him."

"No more has anybody else. But we're going to have a dress rehearsal directly, and you shall see him."

"Does he come from America?"

"Not a bit of it. He's a stage-struck young idiot from the Bow-road, who's never been farther west than Pimlico. His name's Tibbetts, and he's clerk to a shoemaker in the city. He fancies he has a genius for tragedy, and has paid me £20 to allow him to appear here for a few nights. Fact! My company never costs me anything for salaries. I always make 'em pay me for the privilege of performing. It suits my pocket, it pleases them, and so neither of us grumble, Mugford!" This was to one of the carpenters.

"Thir," said Mugford, who suffered from a lisp.

"Take this bill down to Wilks, the printer, and tell him to put Badger's name in the largest type he has."

"Very good, thir."

"Stay. Have you finished those skulls yet—Yorick's and the other two?"

"Yeth, Mithter Jobthon, thir. I've got three big thwede turnipth, and I've covered 'em over with brown paper, and I think they'll do, thir."

"Very well."

Exit Mugford, and enter Ikey.

"Now, Ikey! what do you want?"

"Please, sir, we can't get no earth for Hamlick's grave, so you'll have to do with a bag o' silver sand; and please, sir, the rehearsal bell's a-ringing."

"That'll do. Now, sir, follow me, if you please," and the manager led the way on to the stage.

"Ah, Mr. Badger, allow me to introduce you to this gentleman—Mr. Badger, Mr. Robinson. Proud to make two eminent men acquainted with each other. Mr. Badger, sir," said Jobson, turning to me—"Mr. Badger is a young man brimming over with talent—genius, sir, positive genius. All fire, sir—all fire."

Perhaps his having been all fire account—for his scarcity of flesh. He was an overgrown, shambling lad of about twenty, with a cast in one eye, a snub nose, red hair, a wide mouth, and an unpleasant smile.

"Ope I see you well, sir," said Badger, grinning sheepishly, and sliding a damp paw into my hand.

"Well, Mr. Badger, I suppose you're going to astonish us all down here."

"I 'ope so, sir."

"I hope so too," I rejoined.

"Ah, Mumbles, how are we getting on—eh?" asked Jobson, addressing his stage-manager—an old utility man from the "Southwark"—who was cast for Polonius.

"Excellent well, I' faith, Mr. Jobson, excellent well! But I would that the players were more perfect in their parts; they throw me out most consumedly."

"Ah, you'll get used to that."

"True, Mr. Jobson, true. And even if they should be somewhat imperfect, methinks the wörthy burgesses of Slushington are not well read enough to notice it."

Mumbles was so used to stage-talk that he always spoke in this grandiose manner.

"Now, then, clear the stage for the rehearsal!" said Jobson. "Where are you all?—King! Queen! Hamlet! Polonius! Rosencrantz! Guildernstern! Horatius! Marcellus! Bernardo!"

"Here!" "Here!" "Here! Mr. Jobson."

"Tompkins! run up to the flies with some nails and the glue-pot, and tinker up that castle-wall a bit; and Ikey! pull up that sky border, and let the moon down two or three feet lower. Hi! what's that smoke? What are you burning in that moon—eh?"

"Paraffin, sir."

"Put it out, put it out directly! I won't have a paraffin moon. I won't have a drop of paraffin in the place. Burn colza; if you can't get that, use candle-ends."

"Right, sir."

"Mr. Dawbs, Mr. Dawbs; where *is* Mr. Dawbs?"

"Here, sir."

"What's the meaning of all those holes in that horizon-cloth—eh?"

"They're stars, sir."

"Stars, sir! stars! Why, some of your stars are bigger than the moon; they're not stars, they're comets! meteors, sir! meteors! Cover 'em over directly."

"Certainly, sir," said the crestfallen Dawbs; and the rehearsal commenced.

In the opening scene I heard fragments being given thus:

KING.—Though yet of a —— Hamlet, our dear berrother's death
The mem'ry be ger-reen; and that is befitted
To hem our a —— hearts in ger-rief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted by one her-row of woe, etc.

QUEEN (with a strong Scotch accent).—Gude Hamlet, cast thee neaghted coolour off,
An' let theen 'ee look like a friend on Dinmork;
Do not for ever wi' thee vailed lids
Seek for thee nooble feyther in the doost.
Thee knawest 'tis coommon, a' that leeves must dee,
Passin' thraw nature to eternitee.

HAMLET (*perkily*).—Seems, madam. Nay, *bit his.*
Hi know not seems,
I ain't alone my *hinky* cloke, good mother,
Nor customary suits of *sHum* black,
Nor windy perspiration, nor forced breath:
But *Hi* 'ave that within which passeth show,
These 'ere the trappings, *land* the suits o' woe.

"Green!" interrupted Jobson, "see that those two egg-boxes for the throne steps are painted red before we rehearse again: and haven't we a better throne than that somewhere?"

"Niver a one, sur, as is only a Windsor chair as we've borrowed from the 'Chequers;' but with a thrifle o' wood an' canvas, I ken rig up a high back to it, so as to make it look dacent loike."

"Do so, by all means."

And having seen as much of the rehearsal as I wanted, I bade Jobson "Good morning," and left the theatre.

Monday evening arrived in due course, and the Theatre Royal, Slushington, was crowded. Badger was much applauded on his appearance; but as soon as he found himself before the audience, his voice became totally inaudible. At length, a gentleman in the gallery shouted: "Speak up, undertaker!" which had the effect of increasing his nervousness to such an extent that Hamlet's part in the Ghost scene became merely a piece of dumb show; during which the "gods," at first "not loud but deep," ripened into an angry roar, and culminated in a clamor for "Hot Codlings," or "Tippetywitchet," intermingled with cries of "Go home!" and "Bravo Shakespeare." Badger, however—who, it soon became evident, had had recourse to a stimulant, plodded on somewhat after this fashion:

HAMLET.—'Tis now the very witchin' hour *ho'* night,
When churchyards yawn, and 'ell hitself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now—now—

PROMPTER (*stirring*).—Now could I drink hot blood.

HAMLET.—Now could I drink 'ot blood,
And do a bit o' business that the day
Would quake to look on.
Oh, 'art, lose not thy naturer, let not Never
The soul o' Nero henter this firm bosom, etc.

It was pleasant, also, to hear the scene between the Queen and Hamlet given thus:

QUEEN.—This is the very coonage o' yer brain
This bloodless creation, ecstasy,
Is vary cooning in.

HAMLET.— Hextasey!
My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
Hand makes as 'ealthful music, etc.

In the churchyard scene, Badger made a great but unexpected hit. In declaiming the famous speech:

"What is he whose grief bears such an hemphasis?
Whose phase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded 'earers. This As *Hi!*
'Amlet, the Dane—

he kept backing step by step, until—forgetting its proximity—he missed his footing, and turned a back somersault into Ophelia's grave, burying himself so effectually that two gravediggers had to extricate him from the living tomb, amid roars of laughter from the audience. In this mishap he also lost his black wig and played the remainder of the tragedy in his own red hair.

But the climax was reached in the last scene; when, having killed Laertes, Hamlet wrests the poisoned cup from the attendant's hand. In flinging it away, it hit the dead Laertes on the nose; whereupon, that gentleman—who was of a fiery temperament—sprang up and striding to Hamlet, asked him "Whether he did that on purpose? as, if so, he felt inclined to give him something for himself." Here the other performers interfered; and Laertes having been coaxed to dis again peacefully, the tragedy was suffered to proceed. The curtain had barely fallen on "Hamlet," before some half score scene-shifters and carpenters, headed by Green—who was an Irishman—pulled off his cap, and, making a low bow, said:

"Plase, yer honors, taxing your honors' pardon—I should be afther saying Ladies and Gintlemen—the manager—bad 'cess to him—has been and gone and boulted with the resates, and he's forgotten to pay us our wages. Sure an' its hard loines for me mates an' me, as has got twelve small children—mostly under the age o' four—to pervide for, to be done out of our airnings in this way by a thafe as he is. Och! bad luck to ould Jobson, as I'd be afther wishin' him to his face if he was here now. And, plase yer honors, I'm half ashamed to axe ye; but one of the 'bhoys will stand by the door with the cap, and if so be as ye've got a few coppers to spare, we shall all feel very grateful to ye." Here, the speaker was answered by a smart shower of small coin on the stage. "Horay! for yer honors' ginerous hearts. Good luck to ye, and may ye live for iver, and die at a grane old age. Kape up the supply, gintlemen, and don't be afraid as we shall complain o' the throuble o' pickin' 'em up. May the blissins o' the missis and the young 'uns be upon ye, and thank ye for me, and may ye niver be afther knowin' what it is to feel the wants of a penny."

And this was the finish of Badger's debut.

### CELESTIAL WISDOM.

#### A Collection of Chinese Proverbs.

The excellence of aphorisms has been said to consist chiefly in the comprehension of some obvious and useful truth in a few words; and if this be the case, the Chinese language is peculiarly adapted for the proverbs, for it possesses, from its peculiar structure, a beauty and pointedness of expression which, however, no degree of care or pain can adequately convey into a translation.

Let us cite from various sources a few of the numerous aphorisms, maxims and proverbs current among the Chinese.

By a long journey we know a horse's strength; so length of days shows a man's heart.

To correct an evil which already exists is not so well as to foresee and prevent it.

Wine and good dinners make abundance of friends, but in the time of adversity not one is to be found.

Cautious conduct under circumstances of suspicion is inculcated somewhat oddly by the following: In a field of melons do not pull up your shoe; under a palm-tree do not adjust your cap."

"Tempus fugit" becomes, in Chinese, "Time flies like an arrow; days and months like a weaver's shuttle."

Do not anxiously expect what is not yet come; do not vainly regret what is already past.

If you would understand the disposition of any man, look at his companions; if you would know that of a father, observe his son.

The fame of men's good actions seldom goes beyond their own doors, but their evil deeds are carried to the distance of 1,000 miles.

Though powerful medicines are nauseous to the taste, they are good for the disease; though candid advice is unpleasant to the ear, it is profitable for the conduct.

The evidence of others is not comparable to personal experience, nor is "I heard" as good as "I saw."

He who at once knows himself and knows others will triumph as often as he contends.

It is too late to pull the rein when the horse has gained the brink of the precipice: the time for stopping the leak it past when the vessel is in the midst of the river.

To meet with an old friend in a distant country may be compared to the delightfulness of rain after a long drouth.

The truth of the following sentiment is, we all know, not confined to China: Though a poor man should live in the midst of a noisy market, no man will ask about him; though the rich man should bury himself among the mountains, his relations will come to him from afar.

A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years' mere study of books.

True gold fears not the fire.

"A toad in a well cannot behold the whole heavens" is used in reference to contracted ideas.

To covet another man's house and lose one's own ox (*i. e.*, to lose what property one already has in the effort to acquire more).

"To grind down an iron pestle to make a needle," is a Chinese way of expressing indomitable perseverance.

When you converse in the road, remember that there are men in the grass.

Our well-known meteorological doggerel,

"If it rains before seven,
Twill be fine before eleven,"

reappears in Chinese thus:

"If it rains wqen you open your door,
Twill be fine when you shut it."

A blustering, harmless fellow they call "a paper tiger." Overdoing a thing they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket," which goes off at once.

### THE PERILS OF EQUESTRIANS.

#### A Terrible Adventure with a Mad Dog in the Streets of Paris.

[Paris correspondence of the Philadelphia Press.]

Quite a commotion was created in one of the leading thoroughfares here by an incident sensational enough to have been the creation of Mayne Reid or Sylvanus Cobb, instead of an actual occurrence. A young equestrienne, Miss Pope Goin, was crossing the Place Blanche on horseback, when a huge bulldog (pursued by several persons), foaming at the mouth and evidently laboring under an attack of hydrophobia, rushed at the horse and seized it by one of the hind legs. On feeling itself thus severely bitten, the animal made a violent bound and then started off at full gallop, pursued by the maddened dog. Everybody got out of the way in terror, and this furious chase continued till, on arriving opposite the Theatre des Batignolles, the dog made a leap, sprang upon the horse and seized hold of the over-coat of its rider, to which it hung suspended. The horse still continued its frantic course, but fortunately the dog, having its teeth fast in the thick cloth of the overcoat, could not bite M. Goin. Arrived before the Parc Monceaux the horse reared and threw its rider, who fell with the bulldog still clinging to him. He, by disengaging itself from the garment, it threw itself anew upon the horse and succeeded in fixing its teeth in the poor animal's flesh. A little farther on the horse fell, the bulldog still maintaining its hold. Two policemen came up at that moment and destroyed both the mad dog and the cruelly-torn horse with their sabres. M. Goin, whose leg had been broken in the fall, was transported to his home in the Rue de Delta, having fortunately escaped from his perilous ride without a scratch from the teeth of his terrible assailant.

A TEUTONIC DISCIPLE of Shakespeare is boring Germany to death by his wonderful mastery over the Bard of Avon. This wonderful person has committed to memory all of Shakespeare's plays, and at one reading goes through a whole five-act comedy or tragedy without once referring to book or manuscript.

## AMUSEMENTS.


**GLOBE THEATRE,**
728 BROADWAY.
CAMPBELL & MURTHA.....Managers.
MONDAY, DEC. 28,
ENTIRE CHANGE OF ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY
E. T. STETSON and MARION SOMERS,
in the highly sensational and emotional drama,
NECK AND NECK,
as played by them over 800 times throughout the country to immense success.
Also the celebrated soloists and operatic singers,
MISS NETTIE FLORENCE
W. H. LILLA,
also,
McCULLOUGH AND McGARVEY,
as the IRISH EMIGRANTS.
The Queens of song and burlesque,
MISS JENNIE HUGHES and ADAH RICHMOND.
NELLIE YOUNG, JEAN GOODALL, MOLLIE MITCHELL, NED FOX,
FOLEY and WADE, WALTER BRAY, WM. DEVERE,
JOHN WOODARD.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 40-1t

**OLYMPIC THEATRE,**
624 BROADWAY, N. Y.
THE POPULAR FAMILY RESORT.
THE GREAT THEATRE
OF THE MASSES,
Presenting nightly and upon
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
A GRAND
DIVERSIFIED ENTERTAINMENT,
embracing the first talent in the most
POPULAR AND FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS OF THE DAY.
Entirely devoid of the slightest approach to anything objectionable.
SPECIALTY ARTISTS.
FIRST-CLASS PERFORMERS.
SPLITS OF MERIT AND
ATTRACTIONS OF EVERY KIND
will be liberally treated with.
33-tf JOHN F. POOLE, Manager.

**WOOD'S MUSEUM,** WOOD'S.
Every evening, Wednesday and Saturday matinee,
BOUCICAULT'S GREAT LOCAL DRAMA,
AFTER DARK. AFTER DARK. AFTER DARK.
MATINEES
Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday,
MIRIAM'S CRIME
AND FORTY THIEVES.
JAN. 1. NEW-YEAR'S DAY. JAN. 1.
3 PERFORMANCES IN THE LECTURE-ROOM. 1t*

**THEATRE COMIQUE,**
514 BROADWAY.
MR. JOSH HART.....Sole Proprietor.
AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF BILL.
Everything new and brimful.
Positively the last days of the season of
HARRIGAN AND HART'S
world-renowned
MULLIGAN GUARDS.
MULLIGAN GUARDS. MULLIGAN GUARDS. MULLIGAN GUARDS.
First time this season of
IRELAND vs. ITALY,
by HARRIGAN AND HART.
THE SKIDMORES.
MR. JOHN WILD, MR. CHAS WHITE,
Mr. WM. CARTER in a new negro sketch.
BORN TO GOOD LUCK.
DIAMOND AND RYAN, MR. JOHN WILLIAMS,
Mr. WM. GAYLORD, MISS AMY ROBERTS,
Miss KITTY O'NEILL, MISS ALICE BENNETT,
Miss POLLY BOOTH, MISS SADIE VIVIAN,
and all the mammoth company in
A NEW AND ORIGINAL OLIO.
Concluding with the new drama entitled
SANTA CLAUS:
OR, POVERTY'S HOLIDAY.
Matinees Monday and Saturday.
EXTRA MATINEE NEW-YEAR'S DAY AT 2.
ENTIRE CHANGE DAY AND NIGHT. 40-1t

**BOOTH'S THEATRE.**
EVERY EVENING,
after careful preparation, Andrew Halliday's admirable five-act dramatic version of Charles Dickens' charming story, "David Copperfield," entitled
LITTLE EMLY.
The cast of characters is exceedingly strong, including the popular actor and author
MR. GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE AS
WILKINS MICAWBER,
as performed by him at the Olympic Theatre, London, for over four hundred consecutive nights.
The scenery, by M. VOEGTLIN and RICHARD MARSTON, is magnificent, the principal pictures being THE ARK ON THE SANDS, THE ILLUMINATED CATHEDRAL, THE STORM SCENE, THE SHIPWRECK.
The play is one of the most interesting, and by the manner of its production here will prove the most entertaining of holiday offerings.
MATINEE NEXT SATURDAY AT 1½. 40-1t

**GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.** LAST WEEK.
THE KIRALFY BROTHERS,
having arranged for the transfer of
THE BLACK CROOK
to Ford's Theatre, Washington,
where it will be produced Jan. 4, beg to announce that the present is
POSITIVELY THE
LAST WEEK HERE
of the imperial spectacle, with its almost
BOUNDLESS ARRAY
OF BEWILDERING BEAUTIES.
There will be two Matinees this week.
NEW-YEAR'S DAY
and
ON SATURDAY.
Admission, 50 cents. Reserved Seats, 25c., 50c. and $1 extra. Family Circle 30 cents. 40-1t

**MRS. ROUSBY,** LYCEUM THEATRE.
FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA
AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE,
on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 4, 1875, at 8 o'clock,
in her original character of
THE LADY ELIZABETH,
in Tom Taylor's great Historical Drama,
TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.
In presenting Mrs. ROUSBY to the American public Messrs. MAURICE GRAU and C. A. CHIZZOLA feel justified in referring to her illustrious career in England, and to the conspicuous and brilliant position she now occupies on the dramatic stage as the unrivaled exponent of a series of characters which at once appeal to her audiences. It ries of characters which at once appeal to her audiences.

**NIBLO'S.**
C. R. THORNE.....Lessee and Manager
EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
EXTRA MATINEE NEW YEAR'S DAY.
EXTRA MATINEE NEW YEAR'S DAY.
IMMENSE HIT! DECIDED SUCCESS OF
THE D. ROBERTS
JACK AND JILL PANTOMIME TROUPE.
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JACK AND JILL PANTOMIME TROUPE.
Introducing more new novelties, many new features, and more and better specialties than ever before upon in any entertainment.

**SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,**
NEW OPERA-HOUSE,
Broadway, corner 20th street.
BIRCH, WAMBOLD AND BACKUS.
San Francisco Minstrels. First weeks of the
San Francisco Minstrels. NEW-YEAR CALLERS.
San Francisco Minstrels. SEWING-MACHINE
San Francisco Minstrels. GIRL.
San Francisco Minstrels. BETSY AND I ARE OUT.
San Francisco Minstrels. Comic Banjo Songs, Lectures, &c.
Street cars may be ordered at 10. Seats secured.
40-1t* FAMILY MATINEE AT 2.

**THE HOLIDAY SEASON**
AT
BARNUM'S!
THE GREAT CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME
AN UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.
As astonishing to the Management as to the Public!
TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND VISITORS
IN A SINGLE DAY!
BLUE BEARD
EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
in addition to
ALL THE BRILLIANT RACES
and the
DAZZLING FETE AT PEKIN!
TWO GRAND PROGRAMMES IN ONE!
800 LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN!
PANTOMIME EXTRAORDINARY!
ALL THE
DARING LADY RIDERS
and the
THRILLING ROMAN CHARIOT RACES!
Doors open at 1 and 6:30.
Performances at 2:30 and 8.
Children under ten, half-price. 40-1t

**TONY PASTOR'S OPERA-HOUSE,**
No. 201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
SIXTY HAMS DISTRIBUTED MONDAY EVENING.
SIXTY TURKEYS DISTRIBUTED
THURSDAY EVENING.
Ladies admitted free on Tuesday evening only.
THREE MATINEES THIS WEEK;
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND NEW-YEAR'S DAY.
At New-Year Matinee 1,000 beautiful Toys distributed to the boys and girls.
First appearance of new stars.
MISS LOUISA ANDERSON, MISS JOSIE FOSTER,
MR. FRANK JONES, WM. and MAGGIE RAY.
The comic holiday pantomime,
JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.
TONY PASTOR'S NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.
Billy Barry, Larry Tooley, Frank Girard,
and all the favorites.
IN A GRAND HOLIDAY BILL. 40-1t

**BRYANT'S OPERA-HOUSE,**
WEST 23d STREET.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY WEEK.
Two Hours' Fun. Entire Change Two Hours' Fun.
First time here of the Christmas sketch of
SANTA CLAUS. SANTA CLAUS. SANTA CLAUS
Introducing a grand skating scene,
AT CENTRAL PARK,
THE BALL'S UP.
MATINEE CHRISTMAS DAY AT 2. 40-1t*

**COLUMBIA VARIETIES,**
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## "UNCLE SCHNEIDER'S" NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "MARK QUENCHER" PAPERS.

Der boor Old-Year have hobbled out,
Mit legs a-kinder shaky, weak;
Und *de* der leetle New-Year jumps
Mit blenty noise und blenty sheek.

Und bein' so as 'tis der time
Der New-Year to begun *all* new,
I'm goin' to turn a grate big leaf,
Und dis is vat I'm goin to do:

I'll eat me too much beer no more,
Nor touch der Sonive Whiskey-skin;
I'll say goot-pye to bright Rhine vine,
Und look quite mad at milk-und-gin.

Vhen all der boys am shvillin down
Der rosy beer, I'll shook my head,
Und mit my gonscience werry broud
I'll gobble vater down instead.

I'll not shtay out till vonce o'clock,
Und come home mit a bustin head;
So soon der clock shrikes half-past eight,
I grawl me jently on der bed.

I'll schwear no more dhose big bad vordts
Vich makes a feller go to—vell,
You know *der* blace vhere blazes ploom.
So taint no use for me to tell.

No more I'll saw der bad "Plack Crook,"
Und leave my vife at home—'taint right;
I'll shange my vays, und after dis
I'll stay at home—und jaw all night.

I'll smoke no more; for, uf I'm goin'
To *be* goot, I'll be *aerial* goot;
I'll eat no more tobagger, too:
I'll shew inshtead soft shticks of vood.

I'll blay me vicked cards no more,
Nor pilliard pase-palls punch about;
No more my voice vill it bin heard
Cry "Domino! Dot puts me out!"

No more mit my old smashy noise
Der ten-pin ally balls vill bunk;
No more der dice box vill I grab
To "throw venoe more"—vonce so got hunk!

I'll hafe no rackets, not no more—
I'll bin a new man droo and droo—
I'll made *some* beobles ope dhere eyes,
I'll let somepody see vat's de vun.

I'll shdart me new in *everyding*,
Und mit grate sense my prain vill fill;
I'll shtick me tight to efery rule—
At least I kinder hope I vill!

## THE SWORDSMITH OF TOLEDO;

OR THE

## SONS OF TUBAL CAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

There was a roar of laughter. Three or four men carried a huge log of wood up under the projecting trunk, and set it broadwise against the doors. It was hollowed out, and in the capacious stomach of the nobleman (*gentilhomme* was the contemporary French name) was crammed coarse gunpowder. Out of one end the match protruded. Unhappily for these ingenious gentry, those same blows with the axe which had let air and light in at the hacked oak enabled Johan to thrust the mouth of a *serpent* (the sambuke in vogue for church services) out of one aperture. And marvelously like a blunderbuss it looked. The fallows dropped the log and stood back.

"Stand the nose of a pistol to it, and fire!" cried Malaleugna, dodging out of the line which Johan's supposed firearm took, nevertheless. "Cowards! he can only shoot one of you!"

While they were hesitating, the crossbowmen and archers, who were behind the fighting-men, to shoot over their heads at any defenders of the Cathedral showing themselves at the upper windows or at the galleries, saw one of the great statues—that of St. Catherine and her wheel—rocking and reeling without visible agency. It was Isabel, who had thrust a long rod, used to reach and light the high burning lamps, out of a broken pane. The statue, as if alive, suddenly quitted its niche and descended all of a-piece with its pedestal upon the men by the "nobleman" before anyone could utter a warning. Four out of five were crushed or knocked down by the flying fragments as the figure rebounded in shivers from the pavement.

"Fire the nobleman!" cried Malaleugna, advancing a little. "Duke Ulrich! flash your pistol into the log's mouth!"

It was too late to repeat that statue missile. All Johan could do was to order everything portable to be crammed into the doorway within. At all possible speed there were brought the oaken stalls from the chapels, the lids of stone tombs, benches from the nave, the unhinged bronze and iron gates. They were all but making this material for an impassable barrier, when the *boudin* was exploded. A rush of flame and a volume of dense choking smoke burst in one of the doors and forced the defenders to throw themselves flat on their faces to escape the vapor. The report rolled to the transepts with the awe-inspiring tones of a thunderclap, and here and there the concussion rattled down the images, the crosses and the pictures attached to the walls. The gipsies vented a cheer as loud as the explosion. They had finished tying the ladders together, and at the same instant a grand rush was made at the yawning door, clouded with smoke, long strings of the vagrants crawled up the ladders to enter the windows.

"Toll the great bell!" cried Carillo, "to let honest folk know that we are still alive, and down with the tatters!"

In consciousness that they would be massacred lent strength to the defenders. The shower of missiles which they hurled at the assailants increased the difficulties in their path.

Isabel in the gallery instructed and encouraged the handful of lay brethren who guarded the windows. But despite their efforts, here and there a gipsy climbed in safety and succeeded in letting in the church. They could not turn to pursue them, and they hastened to race through the wilderness of a building in order to find that treasury of which they had such brilliant dreams.

In the meantime, on the western side of the city, the beggars had greatly made their way. Having surprised the gate-tower, they kept it in their own hands wisely enough, and would not permit the raising of the drawbridge. The archers who had taken refuge in the turrets were caged there, incapable of doing them any mischief. The bulk of the beggars in this quarter had entered the town. But on seeking to traverse the place to gain the Cathedral, they had found the inhabitants of Calle de Ferro strongly posted in their path, and much better armed than they had anticipated. Instead of progressing, or even holding their own, they were, if anything, beaten back. This had given the citizens time to arm with the bounteous supply of matériel within the arsenal. At the moment the burghers were ready, the swordsmiths, by a preconcerted arrangement, withdrew, and hastened to relieve the besieged of the Cathedral. The explosion of the gigantic petard had caused them great grief. But the booming of the bell had somewhat restored their courage.

"Master and Johan, I much believe, are in the church," said Ferrador. "Let us cut our way to them. Arcabuzas, escopetas and all other firearms, advance and deliver your fire. Spearsmen, make the charge, and swordsmen, fall on them, point and edge!"

The iron-workers, not only a clan by their guild, but by the secret organization which Rierez had fostered, were already refreshed by this interval of rest. They debouched by the Priory street down into the northwest corner of the church square. But they arrived too late. They saw, amid the smoke and din, the front of the Cathedral hidden by the countless mass of beggars which overcoated it. They clung to one another till, without a word of exaggeration, they formed a solid mass of men over the magnificent sculptures. They were in at the windows, shivering the panes, and at the great door.

Still tolled the bell, however. Every now and then a man or two was hurled to the ground from the heights, but he fell upon the sea of heads incumbering all the square. In vain the swordsmiths charged. When they had cut their way fairly into the mass, it closed upon them, and they were compelled to battle for their own safety, without even time given them to think of others. Still the gates of the Alcazar remained closed. The archers were unable to move in any direction without the Count or his right and left hands, Orsono and Captain Mondragon, making their appearance.

"We are lost!" said Johan, hoarsely, choking with smoke and dust, and his face streaked with blood. A much from the corner of the mouth to others. "Isabel, take the chorister-boys with you, and keep the bells ringing to the last. That may comfort the townspeople."

"May I not die beside you, Johan?" sighed the girl, her sunny hair streaming about her shoulders, and her arms bare to the elbow, for she was doing yeoman's service.

"Useless!" said he. "A kiss of farewell!"

She tore herself from him, not to fail in courage and weep in his arms, and, blowing kisses, she disappeared in the spacing of the boys.

"Brothers!" said Carillo, "let not those sons of the dungheap have all the music to themselves. Chaunt!"

And, while the beggars roared to ear-splitting their "Sound forth thy trumpets!" the scanty Gothic female Psalm of lawful, that exemplification of the church militant, "Make haste, O Lord, to deliver me! Let them be turned back for shame that say Aha! aha!"

The dozen scoundrels who had long since entered the church began audaciously to help in their comrades, and it would seem that it was only a question of moments before Carillo's little band would be utterly overwhelmed, taken in front, flanks and rear.

"We must show the riffraff," cried he, "that man can die as well in the friar's frock as in Milan steel!"

And as he spoke he hurled a candlestick of solid silver at a head thrust in at the broken door. With a cracked skull, Malaleugna toppled over into the midst of his fellows. Johan seized the chopper which escaped from his hand, and drove back the foremost rank with the fury of his onslaught.

But the peep through the opening on that army of misery, with its background of burning houses, made his heart sicken within him. In guise of banners, the beggars waved aloft the rich habiliments of priests, found when they ransacked the rich priories of the lower town. Some of the chasubles and capes were donned by the most squalid of the gangs, so that golden and jeweled crosses glowed on breasts least likely to have ever borne that imagin before since birth.

"And my father has not come! and the Castle remains silent!" sighed Johan. "It is useless to sacrifice these brave lives."

"Brothers," continued he, descending disconsolately from the barrier, "save yourselves by the secret ways best known to yourselves. All is lost!"

They hesitated, but the mass of fiends piling themselves in at the doorways and in at the windows on every side meant death infallible. Already there were wild whoopings in the nave: "This way to the ten millions of treasure! Gold! gold and gems! Hola! the beggars forever!"

The priests scattered and scampered off like rats, each to the hole where they hoped to find safety.

"Lost!" cried the gipsy, carried in by two of his sons, and resting for a moment on the summit of the crumbling barricade, defended so stoutly and so long; "we have gained the day, and luckily, for it is nigh nightfall!"

Indeed, the shadows were deepening without, and the obscurity was dense in the Cathedral. They had fought half a day to reach this far.

"Light up torches!" proceeded the Zingaro. "Let me look on the hoard of the pious donkeys!"

"You shall never set eyes on a scrap of it!" cried Johan.

"It was not accumulated these hundred years to rejoice the idle and the vicious."

One of the sons threw himself forward to stop Johan's uplifted arm, but the latter received him with his left hand, and, pushing him to one side, brought the old gipsy to the ground, as dead as the sleepers under the marble, with one blow of Malaleugna's chopper. A general howl of grief and dismay arose, and was communicated to the mob without. But already Carillo was seized, covered with numbers of the marauders, and disabled. So many had flown at him that not one had dared strike a blow for fear of injuring a friend.

"We have him!" said the short man in a yellow beard, who held a crozier in one hand. "Well, son of our chief, who art now our leader, name the fate of this worm!"

"Hang him!"

"Right. But where to?"

"By the chain of a lamp anywhere here, so he may view the church he so ill defended."

"Good!" observed another vagrant, with his mouthful of the sausage under his arm. "But our brothers outside will have no satisfaction in that."

"They will be all in in a trice."

"What!" exclaimed the man, choking between his mouthful of sausage and surprise: "leave all to pillage the church before we have the pick of the treasure?"

"We can't keep them out. But no dillydallying. Hang the rogue, and so there'll be an end of it."

"Make a fork," suggested Yellowbeard, reflectively, "and let all see him dance the saraband of death!"

All clapped hands. Yellowbeard, as the suggestor, scrambled upon the barricade and appeared at the doorway.

The square was illumined by the innumerable flambeaux which overcame the sudden darkness succeeding sunset.

"Joy and glory," said he, with a twang in imitation of a herald, "to all of the satchel and trudging-staff greeting! We have crunched the mouthers of Latin, and secured the miscreant who leveled our father the king."

"Death to him!" cried the multitude, so vast that the attack kept up very fitfully on their outskirts by the despairing swordsmiths and townsfolk was little heeded.

"Yes. By the fork!"

"Ha, ha!"

"The last of the churchmen shall swing, and then for the treasures!" With a buzz of delight, the mob beheld the preparations for the cold-blooded execution of Johan Carillo. It was primitive. Two halberds were driven shaft downwards into the ill-paved square before the cathedral, perpendicularly, about six feet apart. Across the two axes, which formed with their curved side-edges resting-places like notches, a third spear was laid. A rope with a running noose was fastened to the centre of the horizontal pole. A broken statue was rolled directly under this point, on which the prisoner was lifted. The noose was fitted to his neck. He said not a word. The flash of battle had not left his cheeks. He only looked up. All those near him followed the direction of his glance. Though the torches did not cast their reflections clearly up to so great a height, they still could see a white face, enframed in long golden hair, banding out of the open window of the belfry far above. Then it was noticed that the bell had ceased to ring, for the first time. A monk running up the tower in safety had brought Isabel the tidings of Johan's single-handed stand against the host of beggary, and his capture.

It was she who now looked down on the last moments of her lover. Death was in her heart. She had but one thought; the moment he would be launched into eternity, she would fling herself down from that elevation and, perchance, in the Divine clemency, their souls would meet and his would join hers, that they might fly heavenward together. From that elevation, she commanded all the town. She could see the burning houses and convents, the mockery of war which, in the feeble forces of the swordmakers maintained. She could see the Alcazar black as night, comprising enough armed men to override the gipsy army, but opening no doors to disgorge them.

Opening not? What an error! There the light shone, the great gateway of the Royal Castle expanding to full width, and, joy! a squadron of horse moving from the portals, every fourth man holding a torch. But how slowly they came out!

"Johan, Johan! Oh, stay your murderous hands! Here come the Count's archers, demons! You will receive no mercy!" screamed she.

"The Count's archers!" re-echoed the rabble below, lanching boisterously. "They are too late to the fray with their helping hands! Make haste to turn off this jackanapes, or the soldiers will be in at the mandrake!"

The bell began its tolling, more violently than before, but a strange knocking as of a gigantic hammer on a coffin-lid was also heard overhead.

But Yellowbeard was not to be cheated out of the luxury he had promised himself.

"*Nathanas!*" cried he, to the more impatient, "it is not every day that we who are doomed to be hanged can hang a man!"

Johan had muttered his last prayer, and his eyes for the final time were upturned to see once more his beloved. but she had left the window as if to ring his knell, when he saw the bell, which swung, it is true, at every oscillation out of the window, leap as it were from its retaining bonds, and descend with an ominous clank, upon the mass of heads leaning forward and pressing nearer to see his agony more narrowly.

He uttered a word of warning instinctively, but it was too late! The tons of bronze came down upon the populace before one could shrink, and what manner of use was there in trying to avoid that fate? At the concussion the lights went out for twenty yards round. Ere the echoes had died away groans and shrieks of anguish resounded.

A cloud of suffocating dust flew about. When it had subsided the spears were seen no more, and the prisoner had vanished, unless he was one of those mangled and misshapen carcasses which strewed the pavement, or, worse still, one of those distorted figures almost cut in half which tried to crawl from under the edge of the great bell! All was consternation, and, after the first shout, a silence of awe fell upon the scene. In the midst of this stillness from the western side an unexpected sound broke in. Some twenty silver trumpets rang out the Hallali of Triumph composed by Martinez of the Crownlands of Segovia, for the Emperor Charles the Inert, and all recognized the royal trumpets by their serpentine ring. No grandee, however magnificent, durst be heralded by such harbingers. No one stirred; and, in a minute or two, the trotting of heavy warhorses was heard. At the same time the Count's soldiery were descending the slope. The newcomers came, therefore, between them and the mob on the church square. These newcomers were a whole army. By the light—not of torches, but of great braziers of wood, which were in the centre of litters carried by two led horses each—their display could be clearly viewed.

First forty lightly-armed archers, with their long bows at their backs, their shafts in their belts, a dagger in the left hand, a long, needle-shaped sword in the right. Then a score of trumpeters, each with a yard-long silver horn, embossed with profuse ornamentation and adorned with square flags with the Spanish arms. To each trumpeter were two men in full armor; they on salmon-colored horses, the latter on blacks. Then fifty Spanish cavalry; then their knights commanders; then as many German horsemen, twice as big as their southern allies, and on colossal grey horses, as thick in the legs as elephants, as well they might be, to carry such a load of armor. Behind these a number of noblemen and ecclesiastics, the former in rich mail, the latter in velvet and furred robes. The most appalling of all, musketmen guarding a train of artillery, with four-horse carts carrying the ammunition. At the rear, still coming as if never to end, more and more soldiers, pikemen, arquebusiers, cross-bowmen, mercenaries of all armor. Enough "to eat two cities," as saith Dom Pacifico of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem at Toledo, of whom we borrow these particulars.

Then, with admirable discipline and great celerity, considering all were dusty and dirty with long marches, the newcomers faced both ways, so as to menace the soldiers from the Alcazar and the rabble at the Cathedral at the same time. And the great guns were pointed.

To see the double-enlverin, loaded with a forty-pound ball of iron, the culverin, the ribadaquins, the emerillons, and a dreadful monster with a mouth like an ogrie's cave, which twelve Flemish horses had brought to the spot, was enough to set every pair of knees knocking. Then the nobleman in the centre, where a banner was wrapped around its pole, made a sign for it to be unfolded.

"*El estandarte reale!*" murmured the throng. "The royal standard!"

The silver castle on the bloodred field and the red lion on the golden field of the quarterings gleamed in the light of the brazIers. The trumpeters sounded anew. A man in black, mounted on a fleet mouse-colored mule, with two pages at his bridle, advanced. He wore a round hat, a gold chain, and a black cloth described a curve under his chin after coming down each side of his face.

"Silence, I say!" said he, "while I, Judge-secretary of the royal chamber, announce this decree of our very high and powerful Emperor, our sovereign Lord," There was a flourish of trumpets.

"We, Don Carlos, by the Divine clemency, Emperor-elect of Germany, Castille, Leon, Arragon, the two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Toledo, the Canary Isles, India and all firm land in the oceans, and elsewhere, send this our mandate to all and everyone of our lords, gentry, counselors, alcades, alguazils, corregidors, courts, mayors! and we bind them to assist our beloved subjects who bear this to execution!

"Learning that ecclesiastical persons, monks, brothers and novices, under pretense of defending their buildings, muniments, privileges and liberties, take up arms and enlist mercenaries against the true guards of our good and imperial City of Toledo, by the orders of Don Isidro Dominguez, calling himself, and usurping the title without our warrant, the Archbishop of Toledo, and we declare that all such persons debar themselves from mercy by persisting in these acts. They must lay down their arms, or expect punishment temporal and spiritual for these crimes against the peace and quiet of the republic!"

All looked over towards the Archbishop's palace. But the windows were closed tightly for fear of shot and arrows, and the prelate may or may not have heard this blow to all his happy plottings with the master of the Alcazar.

"Furthermore, we remove from his station the Count of Toledo, for having imprisoned and condemned our subjects without our royal leave or admitting their appeals to be seen by our Majesty; and for their dying in dungeons, we fine his private estate twelve thousand golden marks!

"And again, forasmuch as this same Diego, Count of Toledo, has striven to stir up a rebellion, and has called to his courtship from divers parts the droves and refuse of the community, forming a soldiery of sin and a host of ruffianism which might endanger the very heart of the kingdom, we pronounce him unknighted, forfeit of his rank and title, and eternally stricken off the roles of lordship—and let no man of any degree do him homage from this time to everlasting forward!"

Again the trumpets sounded, but the Judge raised his hand to imply that he had not yet completed the publication of the scroll.

"And whereas, our right trusty, illustrious and well-beloved friend and Lord Hernan of the House of Toledo was wrongfully condemned for contumacy and for witchcraft, we restore him to full and free enjoyment of his estates and all his ancient rights, privileges and dignities whatsoever, and, in amends for his long and patient endurance of his sentence, preferring to dwell humbly in quiet sufferance, than to foment discord in order to unseat the usurper, we invest him with the collar of the order of the Golden Fleece, make him our counselor at the grand privy council, and lieutenant of the forces now placed at his sole ordeas to suppress the disturbances at Toledo. And let all our officers and subjects heedfully bear him respect and obedience, that we may not in person come with the sword. Made in our palace this 16th day of the month of June, in the thousand five hundred and fiftieth year of grace."

A long sigh was uttered by the listeners. Then forth from the crowd of noblemen bright in the golden armor and dainty plumes, a man rode, whose dress was of battered and rusty steel; he lifted the visor of his dragon-crested helm, and all the Toledans saw to recognize the countenance of Rierez!

"The swordsmith of Toledo," cried a hundred voices.

"Friends and fellow-citizens," said the restored noble, "I would I had returned to you at a sweeter moment. But, none the less I bear the olive bough as well as the glaive in my hands. Three blasts of the trumpet will sound, and whoso holds a weapon higher than his thigh when they have ceased, is accounted traitor to the Emperor, and dooms himself to the death!"

The first blast had not been blown before there was a clatter of arms of all sorts being flung on the ground. The second was ringing, when the least active were upon their knees. At the third, the square was being left nearly empty by all who could run. The cannon had daunted the beggars far more than the armed men would have done. As for the Count's soldiers, they were mere hirelings. In hopes to be enlisted under his successor's banner they sheathed their swords and awaited orders.

"Upon them!" cried Count Hernan, "and sweep me the town of these living blots upon it!"

Severe as was this word, however, he had taken care to instruct the officers in the golden rule: Make a bridge for a flying foe. But, merciful though he was, the vagrants fared but cruelly, pursued in every direction by the burghers, infuriated at seeing the fugitives laden with the strippings of their shops and dwellings. Hundreds of the runaways threw themselves into the river, and endeavored to cross. Others ran the gauntlet of the guards at the bridges, and reached the plains more dead than alive. They left the country without even tarrying to inquire for missing friend, or wife or kin, and bore the disastrous news into all the low resorts of France and Flanders.

The swordsmiths flocked round their old master.

"Where is Johan?" inquired he, "for I see him not, and Isabel?"

"Here!" answered a faint voice, as the poor girl was led, or rather supported, by two of the novices out from the church.

"She would have thrown herself out of the window of the belfry after we had cut the big bell away by her orders; but we prevented her. But what a struggle!" explained the latter.

"Is Johan dead, then?" cried Hernan, shaking with agitation.

"They were going to hang him, master—my lord!" said Fadicio; "just here, where the splinters of ash remain; that's all that is left of the spears which formed the gibbet."

"Johan!" ejaculated Isabel, rushing and falling on this other. She gave a great sigh, uttered the name of God in a tone of inexpressible gratitude, and swooned quite away.

"He will live!" said Hernan. "Thank Heaven, this is the restoration which I most value!"

* * * * *

Feasting is longer remembered than lamentation. The miseries of the day when the beggars ruled in Toledo were completely dispelled by the memorable regale which the rightful Count of Toledo gave to all comers on the occasion of his son's wedding with Isabel.

The courtyard of the Alcazar was filled with tables at which sat all the nobles and hidalgos of Spain, collected to celebrate Hernan's restoration. Throughout the city, open house was kept for the multitude feasting at the Count's cost. The revelry lasted three days.

No grief came to him who had found a son, believed lost beyond repair, until his beloved master, the wisest and greatest of kings, Charles the Fifth found the cares of his enormous empire increasing upon him. He came back to Spain, and after a long interview with the Count of Toledo in the Cathedral, at the tomb of King Alfonso, he abdicated, and retired from the world. Hernan accompanied him and was his steward.

After his departure from affairs, the swordmakers' mill, gradually relinquished to languish. The great secret of tempering the blades somehow became dissipated, and at last lost, not to be rediscovered till our day, if really that has been done. (For a sword, which is the chief attraction in our trophy of travel, and which bears the shield of sable with a square-linked chain running from corner to dexter centre, where a ring is displayed, with the motto of the Count of Toledo in 1554—"Ignem gladio ne fodito"—is accounted by good judges superior to even the choicest of modern make.)

Johan succeeded on his father's resignation of the title, and his son in turn. Never did he once regret his union with Isabel, and certainly their early life of romantic travel merited no less sweet a reward.

Go to Spain and travel in the dwindled city where our story has been dwelling, and you will find more tales of the Cathedral than of the Swordsmiths of Toledo. Yet nothing is left of the countship, while his good swords have not yet turned to rust.

THE END.

## DEPARTED YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY G. B. HARCOURT.

O would that long-departed years
Might rise from their decay,
That I might know but once again
The long joys pass'd away!
With tear-dimmed eyes, I ponder o'er
The scenes of long ago—
Dear spots of love! to wander o'er
Where childhood's flowers grow.

O would that long-departed years
Might rise from their decay—
Might rise from their decay—
That I might see again
The long joys pass'd away!
The oft-remembered smiles that last,
When all but they are gone,
O'er many a heart's fond fear have cast
A light to guide me on.

## THE TEN TOMBOYS.

### A Story for the Ho'idays.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the olden time there lived a young shepherd, without father or mother, whose name was Nathaniel. But as he always went about with his mouth open as if to catch flies, he was nicknamed "Ninny-ninny-now-come!" This being somewhat long, Ninny was the word that oftenest called him. Spite of the sun, he was white of skin; spite of his staring at the green grass and leaves, his eyes remained blue; and spite of his smoothing down his light-brown hair, it would curl of its own accord, so he could hardly keep his hat on. He was always doing something to displease folks less than ugly, with their tanned and freckled faces, coarse, horny hands, and clumsy shoes. And, besides, he had heard that somewhere in the world were gentle youths who wore fine clothes gracefully, and young ladies who had small little fingers and white and rosy cheeks, who were dressed in lace and satins. While he was languidly watching his sheep on the grass and the white lambs in cloudland overhead, he dreamt of marrying a princess.

Once he was sleeping at midsummer noon under a tree, after devouring his dinner of dry bread, he dreamt to some purpose. A lovely lady, clothed in a golden dress, appeared to him and bade him go to Quadrille Castle, where he should marry a princess. That evening he told his dream to the other shepherds, who spit in his face in his vision.

Next day, the same dream coming to him, he told it to his master, who hit him a rap with his crook, which made him see more stars than there are princesses even in fancyland. The next day, the same dream coming to him, he drove his flock home a two hours' walk before dinner-time, and when the farmer flew into a passion, and ran for a cudgel, Ninny packed up his things, being a spare jacket, made a beautifully polite salute with a scrape of the foot and a pull at his front curl, and stepped out boldly. The people flocked to their doors and windows in the village to make merry over his marching forth.

Now, it was very well known far and near that there dwelt in Quadrille Castle ten very handsome princesses. But they were terribly haughty, though no delicate and fairy-like pin had been laid in their beds, they would have felt it enough to dozen mattresses. They dozed away all the morning, and made their breakfast at common folks' dinner-time. They had each a costly bed all in the same great room; and though they were locked and barred and bolted in, and no noise was heard in the room below, yet their clothes were found dreadfully ragged and worn every next day. If the question was put to them as to what capers they had been cutting, they answered as smartly as you please that they had been dancing soundly. No one could puzzle it out, and the Archduke of Quadrille Castle let it be known by blast of trumpet that whoever might discover how the girls spoilt their attire should have the pick of them in wedlock. Multitudes of princes and peasants presented themselves, beguiling the night with their ear to the keyhole or eye to the windows; but when the sun rose they had disappeared, and nobody ever guessed what had become of them.

On reaching Quadrille Castle—which was a fine building built square, one side being painted all over with red hearts, another with diamonds, another with spades, and another with clubs, very novel and gorgeous to behold—Ninny offered his services to the gardener, who had just packed off his boy for eating the ducal giant-gooseberries, one of which was a three days' meal. Though Nathaniel did not seem strong, and though he looked rather hungry, the gardener engaged him. He was put on the first thing to be done in the morning was to carry a nosegay to each of the ten princesses. He put the lot in a basket and posted himself at the gate as they came down after breakfast to feed the birds of paradise with sponge-cake crumbs. They all took the flowers, without paying him the slightest attention; but the youngest of all, Arline was her name, lowered her large black eyes on him and exclaimed:

"Oh, goodness gracious me, here's a new boy!"

Whereupon the others laughed, and the eldest took the speaker to task for not first ascertaining a deputy gardener. For fear that he would be jeered at and put out of the castle, he was silent about attempting to solve the riddle. He had a fresh dream. The lady in cloth of gold appeared to him, with two plants in her hand, a rose-slip and a lily-shoot, and a little trowel in gold, a silver cup, and a pair of silver scissors.

"Plant these in two large pots," said she: "turn up the soil with this trowel, water them from this cup, and trim them with these scissors. When they have grown as tall as a girl of fifteen, say to each one: 'My pretty plant, for the sake of the trowel with which I have tended you, the cup with which I have watered you, and the scissors with which I have trimmed you, give me my wish. And whatever you wish, you shall have it."

On awaking, Nathaniel was startled to behold the two plants and the tools which had been offered him in his dream. He did with them as he had been told. The lily shot up and the rose-tree grew high until they had reached the stature of a girl of fifteen. With that, he said to the lily:

"My pretty plant, for the sake of the trowel with which I have tended you, the cup from which I have watered you, and the scissors with which I have trimmed you, give me my wish to be unseen."

On the instant, a pure white lily bloomed at the tip of the stalk, which Nathaniel the Ninny plucked and stuck in his jacket like a breast-knot.

That evening, when the princesses went up to their rooms, he followed barefoot, to make less sound, and waited at the door of the passage which led to the gardens—the only way out save through the palace. There, plenty of guardsmen were about, and they were not likely to pass that way. Though he could see nothing, he could hear the princesses laughing and skipping about. At last, the eldest called out:

"Do make haste, ladies—our playmates will be tired waiting."

At the end of a short hour out came the ten sisters, splendidly attired, with satin slippers on, and the nosegays he had made for them that morning in their gloved hands. They left the room by a secret door in the wall, and disappeared, one behind the other, down a hidden staircase. Nathaniel hastened to follow them closely. As he was a little too near the Princess Arline, he accidentally trod on her traindress.

"Oh! there's somebody on my dress!" she cried out.

"You little stupid!" answered the eldest sister, "You are always timid. It's only some nail that caught your dress."

They went down, down, down, till they arrived at length in a long passage closed by a latched door. The eldest princess lifted the latch, and they all marched into a delightful grove, where the leaves shone silvery in rich moonbeams. The next expanse was composed of gold, and the next of oaks bearing diamond acorns. There spread out a broad lake, on which were ten little gondolas, and in each a prince who held the sculls while awaiting the ladies. There was one to each boat, save the youngest's, into which Ninny stepped. The others shot off rapidly, but Arline's, being so deeply laden, lagged behind.

"We don't move so swiftly as usual," she remarked; "what's the matter?"

"Don't ask me," replied the prince; "I am tugging my best."

On the farther bank, the little gardener saw an alabaster palace brightly lighted up, whence floated merry music of fiddles, trumpets and cymbals. When the boats reached the shore, the princes leapt out and handed the ladies to the land, and all waltzed into the castle. Nathaniel kept at their heels, and entered the house, full of lights, flowers, baskets of fruit and tables of dainties.

The princesses were all very beautiful, but to his mind the little one with the soft black eyes carried her head with the fairest of them. The ten princes were those amongst others who had striven to penetrate the secret of the princesses' nightly diversions. They had been induced to drink some potion which had frozen them to the heart, and left them no feelings but for violent sport. And they did rush into games of romps. Ninny had never seen anything like it. Why, the friskings and gambols of lambs and colts were but sleepy dawdlings to them. They played hide-and-seek, catch-one-catch-all, taggy-touchwood, cap-and-ball with one another, and with their hoops, blindman's-buff, and all such things, till their lovely dresses were all in tatters and their satin shoes were full of holes. When they were quite tired out, they sat at table and devoured a delicious supper, consisting of such cakes as are the common food of princesses, as most people know.

After the feast, they all returned to the boats. Ninny stepped into the eldest princess' this time. As they came back through the magic groves, the juvenile gardener broke a bough off one of the silver trees. A nightingale sang in it.

"What was that sound?" she wanted to know.

"Nothing, nothing," replied the eldest; "only the flutter of a sparrow's wings."

Nathaniel ran on before them, climbed the stairs, and, racing down into the garden, set to his proper work, for day was breaking. He made a few bunches of flowers, he twisted the sprig of silver-tree in that meant for the little princess. She was very deeply surprised to see it. She said not a word to her sisters, but when she met the boy in the garden, she stopped as if to speak to him, but, changing her mind, went on her road.

That evening the sisters went once more to the night's amusements, followed by Ninny, who crossed the lake in Arline's boat, and the princely oarsman complained of the heavy load.

"It's the boat, makes you lazy," explained she. "I don't feel particularly lively myself."

All through the sports and pastimes she stared about for the gardener's boy, but quite in vain. On the way home, Nathaniel broke off a bough of one of the golden bushes, which was overheard by the eldest sister.

"Oh, it's nothing!" cried the youngest quickly; "only the flutter of a sparrow's wings."

In her nosegay next morning the golden twig was placed, as she expected. When her sisters scattered about the garden to stroll for an appetite, she hung a little bird and asked the boy whence came that glittering sprig.

"Your highness knows," was the reply.

"Have you been along with us, then?"

"I should think I had, royal miss!"

"How did you manage it, for we did not see you?"

"I kept close to myself," replied the Ninny quietly. The young lady was silent for a space, but then she said:

"You hold our secret. Here's to pay for your guarding it."

"Oh, dear, no! Money cannot buy me," said Nathaniel, refusing to take the purse full of silver penny pieces which she offered him.

During three nights, even Arline heard and saw nothing worth notice. But on the fourth there was a sound in the diamond grove, and next morning the twig of leaves sparkled in her bunch of flowers. She took the Ninny aside and said, sternly for her, as her voice was very soft and sweet:

"Don't you know the price papa has set on the secret of our nightly doings?"

"Yes, princess."

"Are you going to tell him?"

"I doubt I shall."

"Afraid, eh?"

"No, your highness."

"Then why are you quiet over it?"

The sisters just then came up, and Nathaniel walked away. Arline's sisters at once fell to joking with her about her new companion.

"Fallen in love with a gardener," sang they. "Who wouldn't buy for a farden her? You shall be married; yes, be his wife, and live in a cottage the rest of your life. You shall cook and bake and wash the cake, and do lots of rough work for his dear sake."

We are sorry to say that the princess lost her temper. That was because she was young, for old princesses always keep kind-spoken and gentle to deal with—at least they were in the olden times.

"I tell you what, with your impudent chaff," she answered, so tartly that it set their teeth on edge, "I might do worse and yet still laugh. He is better who digs and plants and prunes than princes who dance away life to tunes, who guzzle and gobble and dainties carve, while the honest poor are left to starve. There, *that*"—here she snapped her fingers—"for your romps and midnight flings; a gardener's wife can do prouder things!"

When princesses talk in prose, few can listen to them in patience, but their rhymes are so abominable that neither of the parties could stand any more of this, so the nine went off derisively, giving three cheers for the gardener's boy's wife, while Arline had a good sulk. It even lasted till next day, when she quite rudely pushed the poor nosegay that Nathaniel offered her. She was much worried all day, because somehow or other she fancied Ninny-ninny-now-come was by her side, though she could not see him.

So she went and told her eldest sister all about it.

"Eh, oh, what's that?" cried the Princess Vinaigretta. "That mean little rogue has our secret, and you waited till now to tell us? Never mind, I'll soon get rid of him. There's the cold damp dungeon in the castle foundations."

Though this was the habit of old-time ladies to put away troublesome boys among spiders, snakes and mice, the youngest princess objected. So the question was submitted to the other sisters. All agreed with the elder. Whereupon little Arline flamed up, declaring that, if a hair of the head of the young gardener was touched, she would go tell her father all about their "nocturnal escapades." If she had said "night's sports," they would have thus let fire themselves, but they were pretty sure that if the Archduke, who had a great idea of fitting words, learned that his daughters had been guilty of two-u-n-a-l-e-s-c-a-p-a-d-e-s," he would have their heads removed a few feet from their shoulders, after the plan of Bluebeard.

Hence it was decided to test Nathaniel by taking him openly to the palace, feasting him and giving him the magic brew, which would make him like the others. Ninny was summoned, and bade tell how he had found out so much; but he held his tongue. Then the eldest ordered him to accompany them down to the cellars. As he feared that they would wreak their spite on their little sister if he acted otherwise, he agreed, determined to drink the potion so as to save her from harm.

As he did not like going into the magnificent palace as he was attired, he went to his plants and said:

"My pretty plant, for the sake of the trowel with which I have tended you, the cup from which I have watered you, and the scissors with which I have trimmed you, clothe me like a prince!"

A splendid rose bloomed on the tallest stalk. On detaching it from its button-hole, he found himself clad in velvet as black and soft as night's eyes, with a diamond clasp to the plume in his cap, and the magic blossom still on his breast.

That afternoon he went to the Archduke and obtained leave to sit up with the princesses. He looked so fine that the latter took him; but Arline did, for she confidentially asked her waiting-maid if "she wasn't a pretty dear?"

He went with them as before, save that he crossed the water in Vinaigretta's boat, and gave her his arm. At the dance, he was the partner of each one by turns, and they thought he bore himself uncommonly well. As for the games, there never was such a quirk, silvery imp. He never wanted rest. After they had played everything they knew, he suggested puss-in-the-corner, button-button-who's-got-the button? and follow-the-leader, till there wasn't enough breath to dim a looking-glass in the pack of them. And he was so full of conundrums, and asked them so quaintly, that they laughed as heartily as plowboys.

"Oh, you dear, dear, sweet, sweet, sweetest pet!" screamed Arline, with the broadest smile that so small a mouth as hers would allow her to make. "Anybody would take you for a prince."

"Don't be alarmed," answered he gently; "nobody will take you for a gardener's wife."

Arline would have laughed again, but she had already laughed till she cried, and that was time to leave off. At the end of the feast, a large bumper of a scooped-out sapphire was put before him. He took it up, glanced at the little princess, and was about to toss it off, when she sprang up and cried out:

"Don't touch that stuff! I'd rather be a gardener's wife than see you frozen to the heart!"

Nathaniel flung the cup out of the window, jumped across the table, seized Arline's little hand, and gave it a kiss that smacked like a waggoner's whip!

All the princes likewise jumped over the table, tired as they were, and kissed the ladies' hands, all except one, who had really eaten so much plum-cake that he was chained down in his chair, unable to do anything but puff and glare, as he saw Arline lift up her true lover.

The charm was broken.

So they all formed a procession, two by two, with the greedy prince in the rear, carrying the rest of the plum-cake—which he was bound not to leave—and crossed the lake. Thence they threaded the underground passages, and marched straight into the bedroom of the Archduke. He was just closing the last button of his waistcoat as they paraded in, and he still wore his nightcap.

Nathaniel made a nine bow and revealed the secret of the princesses' worn and torn clothes.

"Take your pick of the lot," said the Archduke, a little vexed at being seen in his shirtsleeves by so many people.

"I've made my choice," answered the g

## CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

### THE OLD AND THE NEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER.
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO "BIRDIE."
BY H. A. DARLEY.

Stay in, Old Year, for joy
Was with me in your reign;
But with the coming of the New
My heart knows naught but pain.
I, happy in her love,
Lived life's most sunny hours;
And she and I, beneath the Old,
Dwelt long in love's sweet bowers.

My heart was free from care,
My step was light and gay;
But with the coming of the New
The bright dream flits away.
My soul's now dead to joy,
My brightest hopes are wrecked,
And my poor heart must pass through life
In funeral robes bedecked.

I still can feel her lips
Pressed frantic'ly to mine;
I see her love-lit eyes—
Her arms about me twine—
Her lips still breathing low
Of love so pure and meek—
Her heart still throbbing close to mine,
Her sweet breath on my cheek.

Old Year! ah, *thou* wert true,
And brought me much to love;
A maiden's heart and love I prized
As next to Heaven above.
Oh, that I, too, *could* go,
And die out with thy breath,
For when the New arrives
It brings to me but *death!*

*Brooklyn, December*, 1874.

### A RACE FOR A WIFE.

The actors in this little domestic drama were Rensselaer Mills, a wealthy farmer, living about a mile west of the village of Clifton, his daughter Ida Mills, Alonzo Mills his son, and Samuel Lazaleer, who has for the past three years been Miss Ida's affianced. It seems that the father of the girl objected to Lazaleer as a son-in-law, which seemed to make the younger people more determined than ever. The preliminaries which led to the episode occurred during the first of the week. They had expected to be married about the 17th of last month, but the old gentleman had got an inkling of what was going on, and thwarted their designs. It was rumored that on Thursday Lazaleer went to the house of Mr. Mills for the purpose of accompanying the daughter to Toledo, they proposing to have the marriage ceremony performed on the route. But Mills stopped this proceeding, and the daughter remained at home. The following day, Friday, the daughter repaired to the residence of a neighbor, George Wilson, and sent word to her lover where she could be found. Lazaleer received the word about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and was soon on hand with a team, and a few moments later, in company with his soon-to-be bride, was taking a circuitous route to the village, to avoid passing the house of the paternal Mills, which was situated on the direct road to the village. While driving leisurely along, judge of their surprise when suddenly a horse and buggy dashed by containing the father and son. Young Mills sprang to the ground and attempted to seize Lazaleer's team by the bits. Taking in the situation at a glance, Lazaleer turned his team suddenly round, and before the Millses could get under way the object of their anxiety was out of sight. This was near Franklin Centre, the young couple having perambulated the town of Franklin here and there before this, until they had already driven twelve or fifteen miles. The pursued party were headed for the village of Clifton, and now began the most exciting portion of the race. The Messrs. Mills entered the race in earnest. Lazaleer's team was a young and spirited one, while the other was scarcely less so. Before starting out Lazaleer had made arrangements with Dr. Alford to be married at his house, provided he was fortunate enough to get possession of the young lady. The intention of the fleeing couple was to gain time and reach Dr. Alvord's residence in season to have the marriage performed before their pursuers came up. To circumvent this was the old man's aim. The news of the chase had reached the village soon after it began, and Dr. Alvord, thinking that time might be precious, had procured the services of the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Frazee, who was awaiting the result of the race at the doctor's residence. At five minutes before 5 Lazaleer drove up. The young couple sprang from the buggy and rushed into the house. The required time was gained, but none to spare, for Mills was close at hand; but before he could get out of the buggy the nuptial knot was tied. By this time a crowd had collected about the house, but it was soon locked, and the Millses were refused admittance. After trying every door and using some extravagant language, they assured themselves that the marriage ceremony had actually been performed, by an interview with the minister. They then went away. The appearance of the young couple as the ceremony was being performed is said to have been extremely singular, and, under the circumstances, rather ludicrous. So short was the time that no preparations could be made. They were dressed in common clothes and literally covered with mud, the result of their drive. The parties are all well connected, and outsiders cannot see why Mr. Mills should object so strenuously to the match. The affair, as it terminated, caused considerable excitement. What the ultimate result will be, whether a disinheritance or a reconciliation, has not yet transpired.—*Adrian* (Mich.) *Times.*

### BRUTAL ASSAULT BY A NEGRO.

A dastardly outrage, wherein the victim was a child of one of our most respected citizens, was perpetrated shortly after noon on Saturday, at Chestnut Hill, by a young negro tramp. The child, whose name is Susan C. Lowell, is the daughter of Mr. Philip Lowell of the United States Court, and is a bright blooming girl of ten years. During the latter part of the forenoon she spent the time in skating with numerous companions at about 9 o'clock in the afternoon, was met by a negro, who, without a word, seized her violently and threw her to the ground, when she was within an eighth of a mile of her home. Twice she struggled to her feet, and was each time knocked down by the fiend, who then drew a knife, with which he cut her underclothing, and in so doing he inflicted a severe wound on her thigh. The child stoutly resisted her assailant and screamed loudly for help, while the brute, undoubtedly fearing she had been heard, or perhaps alarmed by the sight of the blood which flowed profusely from the wound, released her and fled, but took with him a pocket book containing several pieces of foreign and American coin. The girl managed to make her way home, when she told her mother of the assault, giving a description of the negro, who was apparently about twenty years old, and of repulsive appearance. Soon after telling her story she appeared delirious, and after having her injuries dressed was put to bed. The wound from the weapon was near the vagina—a sharp cut downward and inward about an inch. The police were at once put upon the track of the negro, who was arrested at the Ambulance House in Medway. He gave his name as Ambrose Williams of Williamsburg, L. I., which place he left a few weeks ago. On searching him the wallet and coins mentioned above, and belonging to his victim, were found. The coins comprised an old-fashioned silver dime, a five-cent Canadian piece and a ten-cent American silver piece, besides three pieces of currency, two fifty-cent pieces and ten cents. This morning he was arraigned in the Newton Police-court and examined on two complaints, one charging him with attempt to ravish, and the other with felonious assault and battery. After several persons had given damaging testimony against the accused (who strenuously denied the charges), Judge Slocum held him to bail in $20,000 for his appearance before the Superior Court. The condition of the child, last night, was much improved; her injuries are not dangerous, notwithstanding the rough treatment to which she was subjected, and it is hoped the temporary prostration resulting from her fright will prove only temporary. Her person was not violated, as some reports have stated, the negro having been frightened away before accomplishing his evil design, and it is providential that the child was enabled to resist the ruffian so long and thus save herself from a fate more horrible than death.—*Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*, Dec. 21.

ANOTHER WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.—Put down Grand Rapids second to Brooklyn for a first-class church scandal. We have got one, and our citizens are excited to an unusual degree. The parties to the crime are Richmond Fisk, a doctor of divinity, who has pounded the Bible in the Universalist Church during the past two years, to the pleasure and profit of a large and wealthy congregation, and a young and handsome female of the Elizabethan class, who bounced the organ at the church named. The force of language, the graceful attitudes, the meek and lowly disposition of the shepherd, won her heart completely. She did not read "Griffith Gaunt" to any profit, and it is alleged that long after the Beecher-Tilton scandal became public—an event which caused many lascivious preachers to pause in their crimes—did this divine continue his unlawful relations with the organ-thumper. Fisk preached that all men would be saved, whatever their crimes, and his female companion evidently believes she will have a good many privileges of Fisk in "leading around the throne." The report of these criminal transactions were set on foot by a domestic, who caught the parties in the act. The lady was confronted by the trustees of the church, who demanded to know the truth of the report, when, it is said, she made a full and complete confession. Fisk has resigned, and left here to-day, it is stated for Logansport, Ind., where he will probably become president of the Universalist College. Dr. Fisk is about forty years old, and one of the ablest ministers in the State. He came here from New York, vacating the presidency of a college to accept the call to Grand Rapids, at a salary of $3,000 a year. He was an ardent advocate of woman suffrage. His conduct here has caused women to suffer; for it is stated that the organist was not the only female who received his unholy embraces. He is married, and has a daughter just bursting into womanhood.—Dispatch to *Chicago* (Ill.) *Times.*

THE COST OF A KISS.—Very recently at Veveyse, in the Canton of Friburg, Switzerland, a young baker received a visit from two young girls whose object was to settle a bread account. In squaring the account there was a centime short, and the baker laughingly proposed to liquidate the balance by saluting the elder of the two sisters, who was sixteen years of age, to which she acceded. This amused the younger girl, who in her turn also received a kiss. When they returned home they recounted the circumstances to their parents as a piece of pleasantry; but the father was by no means disposed to view the occurrence in this light. He immediately went off to complain to the cure, who characterized the act as a scandal; the latter forthwith went to the Syndic, and this functionary without loss of time mustered the whole Communal Council, and the affair began to assume colossal proportions. A charge of attempt at corruption was launched against the baker, and judicial proceedings were commenced. But the father of the young baker heard of what was passing, and warned his son, who judged it prudent to leave his business and the town, and take refuge in Geneva; but justice was not to be defeated, and the authorities of Friburg demanded the extradition of the youth from the government of Geneva. He was given up, seemingly without hesitation, and was incarcerated in the prison of Chatel for eighteen days before his case came on for hearing. The charge was eventually referred to the Chambre d'Accusation, who, however, declared that it was unfounded. It is suggested as possible that the young fellow will obtain some compensation for the loss he has sustained in his business.—*The Continental Herald.*

A POLLUTER OF CHILDREN.—Frederic Hilker, a carpenter by trade, employed in a sash-factory on Cedar street, St. Paul, Minn., married, and a former teacher of a class in the Sunday-school of the German Lutheran Church, was arrested and lodged in jail to-day, charged with the criminal violation of six little girls, members of the Sunday-school in which he was teacher. His crime was discovered through injuries to a girl aged 12, who told her mother, a widow, the full story of Hilker's conduct with her, and gave the names of five other young girls she knew of among his victims. Her mother applied to the pastor of the church, who advised Hilker's arrest. Meantime, the father of one of the other girls, hearing of the affair, learned the facts from his child, and that Hilker's overtures to her and other girls dated back a year, whereupon he at once caused Hilker's arrest, and this morning swore out formal complaints. The six known victims are aged, one 9 years, two 10 years, two 12 years, and one 15. The prisoner waived examination, and is held for the Grand Jury on complaints sworn out by relatives of each of the girls. He makes no denial, but acknowledges all that has been told by the girls, with whom it now appears he became acquainted three years ago, when their teacher in the Sunday school. For three years he has not attended at the school or church to which the girls belong, but has kept up his acquaintance with the children by frequent interviews and small presents, with visits at their homes. —Dispatch to *Grand Rapids* (Mich.) *Times.*

AN INCESTUOUS BEAST.—The horrible crime of incest is one which rarely finds its way into the Boston courts, and one which, to the credit of civilization, is seldom made public. There was a case, however, tried in the Superior Criminal Court yesterday. The defendant was a dirty-faced, blear-eyed brute named Samuel Mitchell, a baker by trade, and the victim his little eleven-year-old daughter. The child's mother died about a year ago, leaving the little girl and two sons, three and five years younger, to the care of their unnatural father. They all lived together at No. 8 Coral place in Charlestown, and nights all occupied the same bed. On the 26th of October the man outraged his daughter by force, and, besides herself, the oldest son and a woman who lived in the same house, whom the boy summoned by his cries, were witnesses of the crime, the particulars of which were too revolting for publication. The woman procured an officer, who arrested Mitchell, and had a physician attend the little girl. The brute was indicted, and upon the trial his two children testified against him, as did also the woman and the physician. He had no defense, except to say he was drunk, and was of course convicted. Judge Lord then imposed the sentence of twelve years' hard labor in the State-prison, the first three days to be in solitary confinement, and he deserved every hour of it.—*Boston* (Mass.) *Herald.*

ANOTHER ABORTION CASE.—A dispatch from Cincinnati, O., dated Dec. 22, says: "An aggravated case of malpractice has just come to light, the parties concerned being of the most respectable character. About two months ago Belle Werts left her home in Miamitown, near this city, ostensibly on a visit to her friends in Greensburg, Ind., where two weeks since her father was summoned to her deathbed; but before his arrival the girl died and the body was shipped to Cincinnati, and thence to Miamitown. Dr. Hitt, who attended her, said she died of inflammation of the bowels. Suspicions of foul play were aroused, but nothing was done until the funeral was progressing. While the remains were in the church, the excitement increased, and the ceremonies were stopped. A jury was empaneled and an inquest held on the spot. About midnight the examination of witnesses was concluded. The church was then cleared and a post-mortem made, which proved that Belle Wert's death had been caused by malpractice. The examining physicians say that it was a bungling abortion operation, and must have resulted in speedy death, as the body was terribly lacerated. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts, and charging Dr. Hitt, James Collins, the girl's lover, Mrs. Little, her sister, and Lewis Little, her nephew, with being accessories to the crime."

### IN PRISON.

**Dedicated to L. D., Awotto.**

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

God pity the wretched prisoner,
In his dungeon cell to-day—
Whatever the sins that he tripped him,
God pity him still, I pray.

Only a strip of sunshine, cleft by rusty bars;
Only a patch of azure, only a cluster of stars;
Only a barren future to starve his hope on;
Only stinging memories of a past that's better gone.
Only scorn from women, and hate from men;
Only remorse to whisper of a life that might have been.

Once we were little children,
And then our unstained feet
Were led by a gentle mother
Toward the golden street;
Therefore, if in life's forest
We since have lost our way,
For the sake of her who loved us,
God pity us still, I pray.

Oh, mother! gone to Heaven,
With earnest heart I ask
That your eye may not look earthward
On the fallen spirit of your task;
For even in those mansions,
The choking tears would rise,
Though the fairest hand in heaven
Should wipe them from our eyes.

And you, who judge so harshly,
Are you sure the stumbling stone
That tripped the feet of others
Might not have bruised your own?
Are you sure the sad-faced Angel,
Who writes our errors down,
Will ascribe to you more honor
Than sin on whom you frown?

Or if a steadier purpose
Unto your life is given,
A stronger will to conquer,
A smoother path to heaven—
If, when temptations meet you,
You crush them with a smile,
If you can chain pale passion,
And keep your lips from guile—

Then bless the hand that crowned you,
Remembering, as you go,
That it was not yo ur own endeavor
That shaped your nature so;
And sneer not at the weakness
Which made a brother fall,
For the hand that lifts the fallen,
God loves the best of all.

Oh, that I could your pity awake,
Though about our land to-day
Think of the heart that is ready to break,
And wipe its guilt away.

"MARGELET."

### THE SEVEN WONDERS OF ANTIQUITY.

1. THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.—The perpendicular height of the first, which is ascribed to Cheops, is 480 feet 9 inches. The length of the former base was 764 feet, that of the present base is 746 feet The second pyramid measures at the base 684 feet; the central line down the front, from the apex to the base, is 568 feet; the perpendicular height, 356; thence from top to where it ends, 140. The third is still smaller. These measurements have been taken from the base as cleared from sand and rubbish, and the dimensions are greater than those sometimes given by other authorities. The supposed date of the building of the Great Pyramid is 2,123 B. C.

2. THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.—Amyitis, the daughter of Astyages, the King of Media, was the wife of Nebuchadnezzar, and finding that her husband's hills and forests, she desired an imitation of them in Babylon, which stood on a plain. In order to gratify her, the monarch is said to have constructed the hanging gardens. They contained a square of 400 feet on every side, and were carried up in the manner of several large terraces, one above another, till the height equaled that of the walls of the city. The ascent was from terrace to terrace by stairs ten feet wide. The whole pile was sustained by vast arches raised upon other arches, one above another, and strengthened by a wall, twenty-two feet thick, surrounding it on every side. On the top of the arches were first laid large flat stones, sixteen feet long and four feet wide; over these was a layer of reeds, mixed with a great quantity of bitumen, upon which were two rows of bricks cemented closely together. The whole was covered with thick sheets of lead, upon which lay the mould of the garden. The earth laid thereon was so deep that large trees might take root in it; and with such, and garden-plants and flowers, the terrace was covered. A pump in the upper terrace drew water from the river to water the terraces, and in the space between the arches were large and beautiful apartments. Nebuchadnezzar reigned about 600 B. C.

3. THE MAUSOLEUM, "THE TOMB OF MAUSOLUS."—This was a magnificent monumental structure, raised by Artemisia in memory of her husband, Mausolus, King of Caria, in the city of Halicarnassus, B. C. 352. Of the remains of it now exist, but it was believed to have been nearly square in its plan, measuring 113 feet on its sides, and 93 on each of its ends or fronts, and to have been decorated with a peristyle of 36 columns (supposed to have been 60 feet high), above which the structure was carried in a pyramidal form, and surmounted its apex by a marble quadriga (a car drawn by four horses abreast) on the summit. Pythis, who, according to Vitruvius, was joint architect with Satyrus in the building. Its entire height was 140 feet, and it was further decorated with statues and reliefs by Scopas, Bryaxis, Timotheus and Leochares. This wonder was nearly eclipsed by the Mausoleum of Alexander at Babylon, the Mausoleum of Augustus, and the Mausoleum of Hadrian (now the Castle of St. Angelo) at Rome.

4. THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS.—This magnificent temple, to the erection of which several cities of Asia contributed, was built on a marsh. The founda tion was made with charcoal rammed, and with fleeces. The architects were Ctesiphon of Crete and his son Metagenes, 541 B. C., and their plan was continued by Demetrius, a priest of Diana; but the whole was completed by Daphnis of Miletus and a citizen of Ephesus, the building having exhausted 220 years. The edifice was exalted on a basement of ten steps, and it was the first specimen of the Ionic style, in which the fluted column and capital with volutes were introduced. Its whole length was 425 feet, and the breadth 220, while 127 columns of Parian marble, each of a single shaft, and 60 feet high. These columns ran in a double row around the temple. The polished cypress-wood doors lasted for four hundred years. The roof probably extended only over the cells, and the ceiling was of cedar. The interior was adorned by the production of the statuary and painters of antiquity. On the night that Alexander the Great was born, the temple was partly burned by Herostratus. It was restored about twenty years later by the architect Dinocrates.

5. THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES, a celebrated brazen image, the workmanship of Chares, is supposed to have stood with distended legs upon two moles which formed the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes. Its height was 105 Grecian feet; it was hollow, and the cavities contained large stones, placed there to counterbalance its weight. The cost was nearly $317,000, and the brass is supposed to have weighed about 720,000 pounds. There was a winding staircase to go up to the top of the statue, whence could be seen Syria and the ships that went to Egypt. It was erected B. C. 300, and fifty-six years later was broken off below the knees and thrown down by an earthquake. It remained in ruins for 894 years, and A. D. 672 the Saracens, who were then masters of the island, sold the metal to a Jewish merchant.

6. THE STATUE OF ZEUS (JUPITER) BY PHIDIAS.—The celebrated statue of the Olympian Jupiter was made of gold and ivory, like that of Minerva at Athens, by the same statuary. Its size was colossal, being sixty feet high. The god was represented as sitting on his throne; in his right hand he held a figure of Victory, also made of gold and ivory, and in his left a sceptre beautifully adorned with all kinds of metals, and having on the top of it a golden eagle. His brows were encircled with a crown, made to imitate leaves of olive. His robe was of massive gold, and upon it were engraved—by a kind of enamastic work, probably—with various figures of animals, and also with lilies. The sandals, too, were of gold. The throne was inlaid with all kinds of precious materials, ebony, ivory and gems, and was adorned with sculptures of exquisite beauty. On the base was an inscription recording the name of the artist.

7. THE TOWER OF PHAROS.—A celebrated tower, to serve as a lighthouse, was built in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus (B. C. 293-245) on the Island of Pharos, in the Bay of Alexandria, Egypt. This tower, which passed for one of the seven wonders of the world, was built with white marble. It had several stories raised one above another, adorned with columns, balustrades and galleries, and on the top fires were kept burning in the night, to direct mariners in the bay. The building cost 800 talents (about $850,000).

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—The Colosseum at Rome, the Catacombs of Alexandria, the Great Wall of China, Stonehenge (Druidical remains in England), the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Porcelain Tower of Nankin, the Mosque of St. Sophia (at Constantinople).

## BASEBALL.

### THE PROFESSIONAL SEASON OF 1874.
SIXTH ARTICLE.
**The Play and the Players.**
THE ART OF PITCHING.

Pitching in baseball has come to be quite an art in itself. By the term "pitching" is meant the delivery of the ball to the bat by the several methods now made legitimate by the rules, viz., either by the square pitch or *toss* of the ball, the *underhand throw*, or the *jerk*. The essential requisites of a first-class pitcher are, physically the power to pitch swiftly, the skill to deliver accurately, and the endurance to pitch steadily in a long game. The mental qualities needed are thorough control of temper and the judgment to pitch with strategic skill. Temper is as great an obstacle to success in baseball as it is in billiards. Ill-temper clouds the judgment, unsteadies the nerves, and mars the *sight* of a player. In fact, no man can pitch with his full effect unless he can control his temper. A quick-tempered player is out of place in any position in a baseball nine, but the very last place he should occupy in a nine is that of pitcher.

Strategy is now a prominent feature of skillful pitching. "What *is* strategy?" inquires the novice. Well, strategy as applied to baseball is the art of deceiving the sight and judgment of your adversary. Strictly speaking, it is the science of conducting complicated military movements, of deceiving the enemy by a series of stratagems. Applied to pitching, it is simply availing oneself of some ruse or artifice to bother the batsman. Thus, in the case of the movement in delivering the ball, if while apparently about to deliver the ball very swiftly, you "drop it short" in the pace, you use strategy to deceive the batsmen. To merely stand in your position and send in the ball as swiftly as you can, and as nearly over the base as possible, is nothing but mechanical work in pitching; to change your pace while delivering, with apparently the same movement, and to send in a ball over the plate and where the batsman wants it when he is unprepared to strike, requires "headwork" and strategic ability. Two seasons ago it was regarded as the point to play, in pitching, never to send a ball to the bat near enough to be hit unless forced to do so by fear of the penalty of called balls. Now, however, experience has shown that the most effective pitcher is he who can send on the swiftest balls directly over the home-plate. The reason why this is now the point to play is this: The position the batsman takes when he is fully prepared to hit the ball, is one which cannot well be maintained for any length of time, as it is necessarily one similar to that a man would take in a tableaux position. By sending in wide balls the batsman has an opportunity afforded him to rest, while by continually sending in straight balls over the base he is obliged to be prepared to hit the ball every time it is pitched; and this is something few batsmen can long keep up. Varying the height of the ball while pitching over the base is telling in its effect, but it is not skillful play any longer to pitch either side of the base. Follow, therefore, that he is the most effective pitcher who can send in the "straightest," viz., the most continuously over the base. The perfection of the art of a swift delivery is the power to send in the ball by the horizontal curve. Just as the curved line of a *bassed* ball bothers the sight of a batsman, so does the side curve of a swiftly-pitched ball, such as Matthews' full curve, perplex and mar the sight of a player. In fact, no man can pitch with his full effect unless he can control his temper. A quick-tempered player is out of place in any position in a baseball nine, but the very last place he should occupy in a nine is that of pitcher.

Besides the ability to pitch swiftly and accurately, an effective player in the position requires to be a first-class infielder and the pinckiest of players. He has to face the hottest balls sent from the bat; for his success depends upon how he used his gloves. Applied to pitching, it is simply availing oneself of some ruse or artifice to bother the batsman. Thus, in the case of the movement in delivering the ball, if while apparently about to deliver the ball very swiftly, you "drop it short" in the pace, you use strategy to deceive the batsmen. To merely stand in your position and send in the ball as swiftly as you can, and as nearly over the base as possible, is nothing but mechanical work in pitching; to change your pace while delivering, with apparently the same movement, and to send in a ball over the plate and where the batsman wants it when he is unprepared to strike, requires "headwork" and strategic ability. Two seasons ago it was regarded as the point to play, in pitching, never to send a ball to the bat near enough to be hit unless forced to do so by fear of the penalty of called balls. Now, however, experience has shown that the most effective pitcher is he who can send on the swiftest balls directly over the home-plate. The reason why this is now the point to play is this: The position the batsman takes when he is fully prepared to hit the ball, is one which cannot well be maintained for any length of time, as it is necessarily one similar to that a man would take in a tableaux position. By sending in wide balls the batsman has an opportunity afforded him to rest, while by continually sending in straight balls over the base he is obliged to be prepared to hit the ball every time it is pitched; and this is something few batsmen can long keep up. Varying the height of the ball while pitching over the base is telling in its effect, but it is not skillful play any longer to pitch either side of the base. Follow, therefore, that he is the most effective pitcher who can send in the "straightest," viz., the most continuously over the base. The perfection of the art of a swift delivery is the power to send in the ball by the horizontal curve. Just as the curved line of a *bassed* ball bothers the sight of a batsman, so does the side curve of a swiftly-pitched ball, such as Matthews' full curve, perplex and mar the *sight* of a player. In fact, no man can pitch with his full effect unless he can control his temper. A quick-tempered player is out of place in any position in a baseball nine, but the very last place he should occupy in a nine is that of pitcher.

Next to Spalding and McBride comes Mathews. Were "Bobby" to take better care of himself, and to ignore two prominent weaknesses of profession l ballplayers, he would rank as the strongest pitcher in the country; but as he has not done this, he necessarily takes a lower position. The feature of his delivery is the power to send in the ball with that ugly, bothering "side curve," which so few batsmen can successfully cope with.

### NATIONAL CLUB OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

The following is a list of games in which the above-named organization participated during the past season. The National was strictly an amateur organization, playing for the championship pennant of the District of Columbia for 1875, which they succeeded in wresting from the Washingtons, who had held the title for several successive seasons:

VICTORIES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April 25. | National vs. Eagle of Wash'n, at Wash'n. | 18 to 5 |
| May 15. | National vs. Electric of Washington, at Washington | 49 1 |
| May 21. | National vs. Social of George'n, at Wash'n | 18 10 |
| June 22. | National vs. Peabody of Balt., at Wash'n | 14 3 |
| July 1. | National vs. Creighton of Washington, at Washington | 10 3 |
| July 10. | National vs. Atlantic of Washington, at Washington | 20 2 |
| July 13. | National vs. Eagle of Wash'n, at Wash'n | 12 6 |
| July 17. | National vs. Atlantic of Washington, at Washington | 32 6 |
| July 24. | National vs. Creighton of Washington, at Washington | 10 5 |
| Aug. 18. | National vs. Creighton of Washington, at Washington | 12 6 |
| Aug. 21. | National vs. Osceola of Wash'n, at Wash'n | 14 6 |
| Aug. 26. | National vs. Osceola of Wash'n, at Wash'n | 26 0 |
| Aug. 31. | National vs. Creighton of Wash'n (forf'd) | 9 0 |
| Aug. 31. | National vs. Picked Nine of Washington, at Washington | 32 1 |
| Sept. 7. | National vs. Atkins-Lawrence of Washington, Del., at Wilmington | 46 1 |
| Sept. 9. | National vs. Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa. | 39 4 |
| Sept. 10. | National vs. Expert of Harrisburg, Pa., at Harrisburg | 16 8 |
| Sept. 11. | National vs. High Boys of Harrisburg, Pa., at Harrisburg | 20 9 |
| Sept. 21. | National vs. Creighton of Washington, at Washington | 12 5 |
| Sept. 25. | National vs. Jefferson of Washington, at Washington | 39 5 |
| Sept. 28. | National vs. Eagle of Wash'n, at Wash'n | 19 3 |
| Oct. 1. | National vs. Eagle of Wash'n, at Wash'n | 12 1 |

DEFEATS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| May 29. | National vs. Baltimore of Baltimore, at Washington | 2 11 |
| June 18. | National vs. Excelsior of Baltimore, at Baltimore | 18 27 |
| June 26. | National vs. Baltimore of Baltimore, at Baltimore | 6 17 |
| July 4. | National vs. Peabody of Balto., at Balto. | 6 10 |
| July 23. | National vs. Phila. of Phila., at Wash'n | 8 11 |
| Aug. 3. | National vs. Balto. of Balto., at Wash'n. | 1 45 |
| Aug. 11. | National vs. Creighton of Washington, at Washington | 8 9 |
| Sept. 8. | National vs. Nine of Easton, at Easton | 2 23 |

Games played, 30. Forfeited—by National, none; opponents, 1. Games won, 22; lost, 8. Runs made—by National, 320; opponents, 180. Highest score made—by National, 17.33; opponents, 9.33. Highest score made—by National, 49; opponents, 45. Lowest score made—National, 1; opponents, 1.

Owing to the absence of an efficient scorer at a great many games it is possible to give only the number of games, in which each of the players participated, together with the total number of runs and first base hits made.

| | *Games.* | *Runs.* | *1B.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Holly | 29 | 66 | 58 |
| Lawrie | 26 | 67 | 52 |
| Stevens | 36 | 46 | 47 |
| Hough, 1. | 13 | 22 | 20 |
| Kipp | 24 | 36 | 36 |
| Lusk | 29 | 47 | 38 |
| Witherow | 39 | 46 | 37 |
| Atkinson | 18 | 26 | 22 |
| Trott | 16 | 26 | 19 |
| Young | 13 | 16 | 15 |

The account of runs made by substitutes is not included in the above averages. The great success of the Nationals' success was owing to the perfect harmony that existed among the members. They were particularly fortunate in having had their champion, as president and manager, Mr. A. F. Childs, whose gentlemanly qualities, both on and off the ball-field, have won him hosts of friends. The Nationals are reorganizing for next season, and are coming out as first-class amateurs.

### ÆTNA CLUB RECORD.

The following is the record of the Ætna B. B. C., of New York, N. Y., for 1874:

VICTORIES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 4. | Ætna vs. Alpine of Closter, at Norwood, N. J. | 20 to 19 |
| July 23. | Ætna vs. Dramatic of N. Y., at Prospect Park | 27 24 |
| Aug. 10. | Ætna vs. Lyric of N. Y., at Prospect Park. | 16 9 |
| Aug. 29. | Ætna vs. Athletic of N. Y., at Prospect Park | 20 18 |
| Sept. 3. | Ætna vs. Clinton of N. Y., at Prospect Park | 51 3 |
| Sept. 30. | Ætna vs. Winona of Flatbush, L. I., at Prospect Park | 2 1 |

DEFEATS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 30. | Ætna vs. Alert of Harlem, N. Y., at Prospect Park | 25 27 |
| Oct. 13. | Ætna vs. Winona of Flatbush, L. I., at Prospect Park | 11 12 |
| Oct. 17. | Ætna vs. Alaska of N. Y., at Central Park | 8 10 |
| Oct. 20. | Ætna vs. Winona of Flatbush, L. I. at Prospect Park | 10 21 |

### THE HOBOKEN ATLANTICS.

The following is the record of the Atlantic Club of Hoboken, N. J., for 1874:

VICTORIES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 10. | Atlantic vs. Red Stocking, West Hoboken, at West Hoboken | 15 to 9 |
| July 16. | Atlantic vs. Eagle of New York, at Elysian Fields | 15 14 |
| July 20. | Atlantic vs. Star of Greenville, at Greenville | 22 6 |
| July 31. | Atlantic vs. Rosedale of Jersey City, at Jersey City Heights | 29 11 |
| Aug. 3. | Atlantic vs. Eureka of West Hoboken, at West Hoboken | 17 9 |
| Aug. 4. | Atlantic vs. Star of Jersey City, at Jersey City Heights | 38 24 |
| Aug. 7. | Atlantic vs. Marion of Marion, at Elysian Fields | 26 10 |
| Aug. 12. | Atlantic vs. Charter Oak of Newark, at Elysian Fields | 39 17 |
| Aug. 14. | Atlantic vs. Pavonia of Jersey City, at Jersey City Heights | 22 21 |
| Aug. 17. | Atlantic v. Picked Nine of West Hoboken, at West Hoboken | 12 7 |
| Aug. 18. | Atlantic vs. Mohawk of Jersey City, at Jersey City | 18 10 |
| Aug. 22. | Atlantic vs. Marion of Marion, at Jersey City Heights (tie) | 15 15 |
| Aug. 29. | Atlantic vs. Oneida of Orange, at Jersey City Heights | 44 28 |
| Aug. 31. | Atlantic vs. Chatham of New York, at Jersey City Heights | 14 9 |
| Sept. 1. | Atlantic vs. Mutual of Hoboken, at Elysian Fields | 30 15 |
| Totals | | 356 205 |

DEFEATS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 13. | Atlantic vs. Flyaway of New York, at Jersey City Heights | 17 12 |
| July 15. | Atlantic vs. Charter Oak of Newark, at Newark | 26 23 |
| July 25. | Atlantic vs. Summit of Jersey City Heights, at the Heights | 23 22 |
| Aug. 28. | Atlantic vs. Pavonia of Jersey City, at Jersey City Heights | 39 30 |
| Totals | | 105 87 |

### AMITY CLUB OF SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Appended is a record of games played by this club in 1874:

VICTORIES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| March 29. | Amity vs. Young America, at Sacram'to. | 33 to 32 |
| April 19. | Amity vs. Athletic, at Sacramento | 43 10 |
| April 26. | Amity vs. Mutual, at Sacramento | 56 6 |
| May 3. | Amity vs. Liberty, at Folsom | 64 18 |
| May 12. | Amity vs. Young America, at Folsom | 24 20 |
| June 21. | Amity vs. Eagle, at Sacramento | 29 28 |
| July 12. | Amity vs. Mutual, at Sacramento | 23 15 |
| July 19. | Amity vs. Picked Nine, at Sacramento | 29 9 |
| Aug. 9. | Amity vs. Young America, at Sacram'to. | 11 6 |
| Aug. 16. | Amity vs. Young America, at Sacram'to. | 11 4 |
| Nov. 25. | Amity vs. Young America, at Sacram'to. | 16 13 |

DEFEATS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| May 24. | Amity vs. Young America, at Davisville. | 20 25 |
| June 28. | Amity vs. Active, of San Francisco, at Sacramento | 19 31 |
| July 5. | Amity vs. Athletic, of San Francisco, at Sacramento | 23 31 |
| Sept. 6. | Amity vs. Young America, at Sacramento. | 14 31 |
| Sept. 20. | Amity vs. Kearsage, of Vallejo, at Vallejo. | 9 30 |
| Sept. 27. | Amity vs. Young America, at Sacramento. | 14 25 |

Victories, 11; defeats, 6. Total number of runs—Amity, 449; opponents, 310.

RESOLUTE OF RENOVO.—The first grand reception, promenade concert and ball of the Resolute Baseball Club of Renovo, Pa., will take place in the Renovo House on January 21. We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to join the young fellows in the festivities.

## BILLIARDS.

### AMATEUR vs. PROFESSIONAL.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 11, 1874.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—The undersigned, contestants in the Brooklyn Tournament held at Samuells' Assembly Billiard-room in October and November last, respectfully invite from THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, as competent authority in matters of this kind, a decision as to what constitutes an amateur billiard-player, and also what constitutes a professional. An authoritative settlement of this question is desired now in order that hereafter no such differences of opinion may arise as rendered the result of the Brooklyn tournament in a measure unsatisfactory.

SAMUEL F. KNIGHT, JOHN REISS,
HENRY PEYNENCKHEN, R. S. LA TORRE JR.,
JOSEPH PIHET, H. C. BECKHOUT,
RICHARD G. CLARK, SIDNEY DORLON,
A. VANDERWERKER, WILLIAM GRIFFITH,
W. H. FERRELL, CHARLES VAUGHN,
A. R. SAMUELLS, W. M. FLOWER.

*Brooklyn*, Dec. 11, 1874.

The professional is one whose sole or chief visible means of gaining a livelihood is billiard-playing. The amateur is one who, playing for amusement mainly, or it may be occasionally in vindication or for a reputation for special skill at billiards, is either a person known to be possessed of such abundant means as to place him beyond the suspicion of playing the game for profit, or one who is known to be engaged in a legitimate business, and who plays regularly, except at rare intervals. So much as a general definition, which may apply to all pursuits. There are, however, special definitions applicable to different kinds of sport; and as these have necessarily to be arbitrary, what would render the ballplayer or the oarsman ineligible to compete with amateurs might scarcely prove a disability in the case of the billiard-player, and *vice versa*.

First as to the professional. A person who has ever owned a public billiard-room or been employed in one in any capacity; who has played other than an impromptu club or off-hand match, whether in public or in private, for money-stake or purse, or who has played in games announced as being for money-stake or purse; or has taken part as a player in publicly announced exhibitions; or has acted as marker, referee or umpire in a match or an exhibition; or has been a hanger-on in public billiard-rooms, may be challenged should he ever seek to enter into a competition limited to amateurs. Nevertheless, the fulfillment of any one of these conditions is but *prima-facie* evidence of professionalism. It is not conclusive, as shall be explained.

The proprietor of a room (it is here assumed that keeping a room is his chief business, not a mere investment of idle capital) may never, while being such, handle a cue. He may have been an amateur, and have ceased playing as soon as he became a roomkeeper, or he may never have begun to play until he had ceased to be a roomkeeper. Either possibility will apply to the cashier, barkeeper, ballboy, superintendent, or other employes, who in many well regulated rooms are not permitted to play. Nothing can be clearer than that he who has never touched cue to ball is a player neither of class nor of degree. But should the proprietor once play billiards in that house, and receive from a defeated antagonist pay for the game or *et cateras*; or should the employe once play for the benefit of that house—or rather at the risk of it, for if he plays at his own risk he is doing precisely as the amateur does—then he must be held to be a professional from that moment, and must continue such thenceforth, no matter what his subsequ

# THEATRICAL RECORD.

**Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.**

## CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Dec. 28

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Hattie
Ayling, Mrs. W. L.
Arnett, Lottie(banjo "biz")
Adriana, Cora
Adams, Sallie
Averiee, Jennie M.
Angelo, Clara
Austin, Chas. and Carrie
Bland, Edith
Benson, Jennie
Boyd, Nellie (2 3c.
Bell, Florance E.
Burton, Maude(vocalist)
Breyer, Mary
Bell, Lottie (banjo "biz")
Clark, Viola
Campbell, Mrs. son
Coleridge, Blanche (2)
Carlton, Emma
Davenport, Maude
De Forest, Zoe (2)
Denike, Mattie
De Brent, Amy
Donaldson, Virginia
Delmay, Lola
Adams, Edwin(actor) (2)
Archer, Chas (planist)
Arnold, W. N.
Atwood, J. B.
Burton, J. (of Burton Bros.)
Brown, J. S.
Briggs, Pitney H.
Bell, Frank
Barthune, Jno. G.
Brince, Chas. (musician)
Bloodgood, Harry
Brand, Prof. T. H.
Brand, T. A.
Bier, S.
Blanchard, H. minstrel)
Birdue, Robt.
"Bell Mason"
Blanchard, Chas A.
Bond, Pete
Barcus, W. C.
Byron, O. Doud
Brewster, Jno (circus "biz")
Brewster, Chas. W.
Bent, W. Horace (comed.) 6c.
Butler's Pantomime, Manager
Burton, Clarance (comed.) 2c.
Barteaux, Sig. H.
Carner, J. W.
Cg. H. C.
Cotton, Ed.
Chrissie, Ed.
Crafton, Marshall "biz"
Carson, Jr., Kit
Collins & Oakes
Collyer, Dan and Eddie
Cross, T. J.
Crier, J. Steanage
Campbell, Ned
Constantine, Sig.
Cameron & Co.
Crofut, F.
Connor, Mr.(circus "biz")
Comstock, Frank
Cameron & Keeler
Casey, F. (with Shaeple)
Cook, Ed. (circus "biz")
Clark, H. G
Christrup, Prof. C.
Cole, Geo. S.
Capoul, Victor
Coleman, F. R.
Cliker, Wm.
Cohan, Jerry (Hibernian)
Crawford, J. W.
Crosby, Ben
Cody, A. (with Bufalo Bill)
Clarke & Edwards
Collins, Dan
Oates Opera Co.
Crusoe, Charlie
Charles, Mr.
Chase, Billy (with Washburn)
Carroll, R. M.
Davis, Chas. (song and dance)
Dickey, Sam (circus "biz")
Dobson, Frank B. (2)
Dunman, P. (of Sherry's Co.)
Davis, Lew (Chas & Davis
Dunbar, E. C. (2)3c.
Dunbar, Geo. W
De Vere, Billy
Devere, Sam
Donaldson, Wash
De Haven, Claude
Dorey, Thos.
Delmer, J.
Dumont, Dr. (o)
"E. V. C."
Emmett, Billy
Ealer, J. (ringmaster)
Fish, Jas. (with Jennie Benson.)
Frohman, Gustave (2)
Flanagan, Edw'd
Fleury, Fernando
Frank, Prof. Tony
Fowler, Thos. B.
Franklin, J. Wynn
Frost, Hyatt
Frasier, C. G.
Ferguson, E. V.
Florence, W. J.
Fish, Jas.
Gaynor, Wm.
Gaffney, Hugh (circus "biz")
Green, Jas.
Green & Mosher
Grey, Willie
Girvin, Phil
Gilbert, Harry
Girard, Sig. P.
Grist, Chas.

"Hung be the heavens with black." Should this threat be carried out, well may we exclaim with the poet:

The melancholy Dane has come,
The maddest of the year.

.....A paragraph is going the rounds, crediting Carlotta Patti with throwing up an engagement because she had been billed as "the sister of Adelina Patti." Isn't this an attempt to injure the bridge which carried her over?.....**"Who says turkey?"** Why, Tony Pastor. At his Opera-house, on New-Year's eve he will distribute sixty real turkeys among his patrons. This is better than a raffle.....Two ladies passed us in Broadway on Saturday-afternoon, and this is what they said: *"Talmage?* Why, he's *awful*. I think as much of my soul as anyone, but—how are you going to have your new dress cut?" "I think I'll have it *cut bias*." Here they *cut by* us so rapidly that we heard no more. They entered the Park Theatre, so it was evident they didn't mean to *cut "Sellers."* See?.....Great times at Niblo's. In keeping with the newness of the coming year, a variety of new acts will be exhibited in the new pantomime—among others the Garnella Brothers will, for the first time, introduce their new feat of a new double somerset from shoulder to *shoulder* and from feet to *feet*. This will far surpass the military spectacle of *shoulder-arms*. There is no danger to be apprehended; for, at the first signal of distress, the clowns will cry out *"Yes it,"* and then you'll see *George Ketchum!* They're jolly good *Fellows* all.....We like music—our very soul goes out to it, and we drink in the mellow-dious strains with as great a relish as that with which others drink, in their whiskey skins. It is a sweet to be awakened at midnight's hour, and hear the voices of those you "Love Not" crying aloud for you to get up and let them in. And then, to hear the dulcet notes of a full brass band of fifty pieces ring out the knell of the dying year, and welcome in the new. Somebody says: "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." But somebody else, who had never heard a full band of fifty pieces play "Auld Lang Syne." It's worse than an earthquake, and better than a monkey-organ which plays "Home, Sweet Home." Hear us in rhyme;

MUSIC, LOVE AND ORGANS.

*We pine* for music—our enchanted soul
Absorbs in rapture the delicious strains
That reach the ear, filling, like love, the abode
Of a rapt being that entranced remains.
But if that swarthy, black-eyed Italian
With grinning monkey, and bad hat misshapen—
Turning that crank, imagines we prefer
*That* kind of music, he's much mistaken.

.....It is really true that so realistic is the execution of E. T. Stetson, in his play of "Neck and Neck," that numbers of "morbid creatures" attend his entertainments in the expectation that he will get hung in earnest some night. A weak and depraved wretch, who "sat at the play" one night, wants to know whether the actress who "supports Stetson" is married to him, and *has* to support him. She is not marryin' Stetson now, but is *Marion* Sommers [Some of these jokes are very difficult to get around, we admit, but a sore thumb and a bad pen must plead our excuse.—ED. CLIP.].....Comedy of Minters, in "The Two Orphans," is a *part* and *Parselle* of the play.....Dale Owen has up-hill work of it just now, owin' to his materialization of Katie King in *The Atlantic*. Its a *dale* (Dutch) language spoken here.—ED. CLIP.] harder to lay the spirit than it was to "rise her." Owen, and Katie, and Honto, and Santina, all be swallowed in this upheaval and tidal wave of *The Atlantic*.....And talking about the others, "Our Jim" is acquainted with two victims of the *bell-punch* who have been dismissed for their eccentricities. He says these *two off 'uns* could be engaged cheap to run opposition to "The Two Orphans" at the Union-square Theatre.....At the Olympic they have a couple of performers, who are billed as Harper and Stansill. This is probably a mistake of the printer—we hasten to correct. They are one-legged song-and-dance men, and one is a *Hopper*, while the other *Stands(ill!* Yes?.....The Palace of Truth" is underlined at Daly's. This is something we have long felt the need of, and the people are all lying for this.....The Palace of Truth".....He who caused one blade of grass to grow where one only grew before" has been pronounced a fearful boy; but what shall be said of Barnum who, at his Hippodrome, on Christmas day and night gathered in twenty-six thousand persons where only about twenty-two thousand had been planted before? The times are prolific of wonderful things!.....The good clothes which Mrs. Rousby has bestowed upon to support her in her engagement at the Lyceum would suffice to cover an army of unclaimed orphans at the Foundling and Lying-in (and out) Hospital. A mean and sordid knave wants to know whether we believe the public would sit tamely by, and see the manager *Chrisolo*. In reply, permit us to remark that "a man who would rake" Bibby against a woman, it were base flattery to call a coward." And so say we all.....Miss Henderson, who acted "The Hero of an Hour," must have been almost as much weeper as the audiences were, because she played *Aldee* [Pronounced *Ah-Day*.—ED. CLIP.] and half the night.....David is programmed to attend the opera to-night. The following night the Italians are to give "*Il* Trovatore." It will probably be the *Italiana* with David, too; for with all who enter the Academy to hear and see the present company, it is a case of *kill or cure?*..... With these brief and touching allusions, and ill-lusions, as we stand upon the ragged edge of the cold world, and peer into the glories of the coming, we embrace you, one and all, dear friends, and wish you prosperity, health and happiness. Peace be with you.

## CITY SUMMARY.

OUR ANNUAL LIST OF DEATHS.—The list of deaths which have occurred in the pro ession may be found in another part of this issue.

OPERA-BOUFFE, as rendered by the Soldene Troupe, who have established themselves as firm favorites by their clever interpretation of this comedy school of music, has held full sway at the Lyceum Theatre during the past week. A succession of good houses have witnessed the repetition of "Chilperic" on Monday and Saturday, "La Fille De Mme. Angot" on Tuesday and Wednesday, "Geneviene De Brabant" Thursday, and "The Grand Duchess" on Friday. There were no matinees given during the week, in consequence of the necessary rehearsals of "Mme. L'Archidnc," Offenbach's last opera-bouffe, which will be produced for the first time on Monday, Dec. 29. Our latest European advices represent the opera as having met with a most decided success in Paris, where it has become as great a favorite as the most popular of Offenbach's works, and its early production at this house cannot but prove a most useful stroke for the management, providing that a good English adaptation of the opera is offered. For Monday, Dec. 28, "Genevieve De Brabant" and the second act of "Fille De Madame Angot" are announced, and the succeeding performances of "Madame L'Archidue," terminating Saturday, Jan. 2, will close the Soldene opera-bouffe season at this theatre.....At the Stadt Theatre, Miss Lina Mayr appeared in German opera-bouffe, enacting the character of Hermine in "Lucinde Von Theatre".....On Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23, 25, 26.....On Wednesday evening, one of the series of organ concerts at the Church of the Holy Trinity was given, at which Dr. Tomlinson officiated at the organ, assisted by the vocalization of Miss Henrietta H. Beebe, soprano.....On Christmas, the musical programmes were the especial features of the day at the various churches throughout the city, so the interpretation of which some of our most skillful artists gave their aids. The Harmonic Union of New York, combined with the Brooklyn Handel and Haydn Society, produced Handel's Oratorio of "The Messiah," at Steinway Hall, assisted by Miss Abbie Whinnery, soprano; Miss Lina Drasdil, contralto; Geo. Simpson, tenor; A. E. Stoddard, bass; Dr. Warren, organist; under the conductorship of Dr. Damrosch. There were ninety-six of about three hundred voices and an orchestra of members of the Philharmonic society numbering about eighty.....Theodore Thomas' Orchestra gave a matinee performance at Steinway Hall, being assisted in the programme by Miss Anna Cranch, who sang the aria "Che Faro" by Gluck, and Lovell H. Hart, "Awake, Saturnia;" and Henry C. Timm and his pupil Felix M. Schelling, who performed on two pianos the "Homage a Handel," a duo by Moscheles. The orchestra played the overtures to works Rubenstein's "Overture Triomphale" and Miss Lina Dimurska Concert Combination gave their last concert before starting out upon their traveling tour, at the Stadt Theatre on Sunday evening, Dec. 27, having Carreno-Sauret as pianist; Sig. Ferranti, buffo; Herr Schnetz, tenor; Miss Sauret, solo violinist; Sig. Braga, violincellist, under the conductorship of Sig. Marzo. C. H. Dittman, formerly of Grace Church, operatic and theatrical agents, goes with them, on their tour, as treasurer.....The sacred concert by the pupils of the New York Conservatory of Music, announced for Dec. 27, at the Academy of Music, has been postponed to Jan. 6. The programme embraces selections from the sacred and classic works of the most eminent composers, in the interpretation of which they will be assisted by several of the leading artists of the Strakosch Italian Opera Company.....The French opera-bouffe Troupe from Havana will commence a season at the Park Theatre on Jan. 9, producing Lecocq's opera-bouffe of "Giroflé-Girofla".....A short season of Italian opera will be given at the Academy of Music this week, with Mlle. Albani, Miss Cary, Sigs. Carpi, Del Puente and Scolara in the casts.

THE RICHMOND SISTERS, who have been endowed by nature with pretty faces and trim figures, which were well displayed in male attire of light-blue velvet lined and faced with gold, made their metropolitan debut at Tony Pastor's on Dec. 21, performing double songs-and-dances, in which they evinced the possession of sweet, musical voices, and no little skill in dancing; and the audience testified their approbation of the performances. Jimmy and Dollie Emerson were seen in "O'Connell's Dream;" Ella Mayo continued her pleasing songs; Tony Pastor sang some of his most popular melodies, evoking much applause and several recalls; Little John Collins continued his songs-and-dances; Larry Tooley, his Dutch character songs-and-dances; and in the sketches of "Blinks and Jinks," "The Christmas Pudding," "The Baby Elephant" and "The Flats and Sharps of New York," "Fatty" Stewart and Billy Barry created much hilarity. The attendance continued fair. On Monday evening Tony Pastor distributed among the audience sixty hams, and at the extra matinee on Thursday every child on entering the multitudinous was presented with a handsome toy, of which there was quite a variety, including large-sized jumping jacks, a variety of animals mounted on cars, little muskets, kaleidoscopes, climbing monkeys, wagons, etc. On Thursday evening sixty turkeys were distributed among the audience. The pantomime of "Jack the Giant-killer" was performed for the first times Christmas afternoon and night.

J. M. WARD and Miss Winnetta Montague began an engagement at the Globe Theatre on Dec. 21, acting during the week in their familiar drama of "Unmasked." Prior to the drama a brief variety olio was given, which included William Devere in character songs, Goss and Fox in songs-and-dances, serio-comic songs by Jennie Hughes, Hattie and Bennie Grinnell in a musical sketch called "The Apple Girl and Paper Boy," songs by Adah Richmond, and the sketch of "Wahoo, Wahoo."

GUSSIE CHAMBERS, who went to South America with "The Black Crook" party, arrived in this city on Dec. 23 from Rio Janeiro, where she left the Crookites. Miss Checini, one of the corypheus, had married a wealthy merchant in that city, and, bidding adieu to tarletan skirts and tights, retired to private life.

AT BOOTH'S THEATRE "The Hero of the Hour" was withdrawn after the matinee on Dec. 25, having been acted to a very light attendance. On Friday evening Miss Matilda Harvey made her reappearance on the stage after a lengthened absence, acting Lady Macbeth for the first time in this city. It was a creditable effort. Geo. Vandenhoff acted Macbeth, and the remainder of the cast was the same as upon the recent production of that tragedy at this theatre. "Macbeth" was repeated on Saturday evening, King Kalakaua and suite were present on Friday evening. This week "Little Em'ly" is to be presented, with new scenery and Geo. Fawcett Rowe as Wilkins Micawber.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, T. W. Davey, and members of his dramatic company were in the city during a portion of the past week.

NIBLO'S GARDEN was reopened Dec. 21 with N. D. Roberts' Pantomime Company, who performed "Jack and Jill" as arranged by James S. Maffit. The cast was as follows:

CHARACTERS IN PROLOGUE.

Science....Miss Katy Fellows | Conceit.....J. C. Franklin
Art.....Miss Emily Herbert | Stupidity.....J. M. Freeman
Dame Nature..Miss Schofield | Prejudice.....Harry Lester
Ignorance....G. F. Williams | Poverty.....Wm. Eunice
Crime.....Harry Hunter | Idleness.....Fred Runnells

TRANSFORMATION OF CHARACTERS.

James S. Maffit.....(Clown).....Harry Jee
James W. Sanford.....(Harlequins).....Wash Antonio
George F. Ketchum.....(Pantaloons).....Chas. Christie
Miss Ada Laurent.....(Columbines).....Mlle. Deardon
Wm. Eunice.....(Sprites).....Freddy Runnells

The pantomime was mounted with new scenery of a beautiful description; and the tricks, many of which were new and of an ingenious description, worked without hindrance. The introduced attractions were of a high order of merit. Foremost among these were the Garnella Brothers, who show marked improvement since their last appearance in this city a few months ago. Their feats are of the most difficult description, and are performed very rapidly and with grace and apparent ease. Shed Le Clair gave clever performances upon two trapezes, which were so suspended that the action took place across the stage. At the close an attendant announced that Mr. Le Clair would now attempt to accomplish the difficult feat of turning a double somerault *from bar to bar*. One trapeze hung motionless at the end of the raised padded platform, while Mr. Le Clair seized the bar of the other, located at the other end of the platform, and, swinging himself high in air, released his hold, made two complete revolutions, and alighted upon his feet upon the platform; but he made no attempt to clutch the bar of the other trapeze. Harry and William Jee were much applauded for their excellent performances upon the "musical rocks," which were thrice recalled. Later in the evening they gave some acrobatic exhibitions of bellringing, balls being attached to the toes of their shoes, and then one to the head of each, while they held a number in each hand. The music they elicited was soft and pleasing. In the second act, Mlle. Bonfanti, aided by Mons. Baptistan, Mlle. Amelia Cerute and a number of corypheus, danced a ballet entitled "Les Nymphs du Lac." Mlle. Bonfanti has lost none of her powers of pleasing, and her dancing is as agile and graceful as ever. Mons. Caron and his four sons presented a number of feats of posturing, interspersed with acrobatic performances, which gave much satisfaction. The Langlois Brothers were seen in their difficult feats of juggling, somewhat reformed, and which we have hitherto described at length. In an act called "Le Grand Trampelin" a number of skilled leapers and vaulters went through a variety of acrobatic performances, which elicited no little applause. The third act was devoted to a transformation scene, which is very beautiful, and calculated to leave a pleasing impression upon the minds of the auditors as they return to their homes. A good business, considering the dullness of the times and the unfavorable weather, has been done. The entertainment is admirably suited to the holidays.

THE SPECTACULAR PANTOMIME of "Blue Beard" was produced at Barnum's Roman Hippodrome on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23, having been postponed from Dec. 21. Considering the obstacles to be overcome in the presentation of this style of amusement in a building such as the Hippodrome, the management are deserving of high praise for the degree of success which has crowned their efforts. A large excavation was made in the centre of the arena, which communicated with the dressing-rooms on Fourth avenue by a subterranean tunnel. Over this excavation a platform was built, which contained traps like those used in theatres; and, by means of machinery below, scenery representing a castle was made to rise from the earth or sink from view, as occasion required. A large movable platform, made in sections, was provided for the ballet-dancing, and the various paraphernalia used in the pantomimic tricks are displayed at the sides of the arena, and quickly arranged in position, when required, by a numerous corps of attendants. Prior to the pantomime, a quite realistic representation of the story of "Blue Beard" was given. At the opening a ballet by Tony Pastor's villagers was seen, at the conclusion of which Harry him and his daughter Fatima enter, accompanied by Selim, who pleads for Fatima's hand, which Ibrahim refuses, having promised it to Blue Beard, who then enters, and is pleased upon a platform and with a large procession of ladies of the Court, soldiers, etc., mounted upon richly caparisoned steeds. The costumes of all these were bright and glittering, and the number of people in the retinue was a large one. The entire arena was filled, and a chorus was well sung by a number of the attendants. Blue Beard carried off his bride, and, after the departure of the procession, a grand ballet was given by Mlle. Cora Adriana, George W. Smith, and a number of corypheus, who occupied the large portable platform, while the remainder of the inner inclosure of the arena was well filled with the corps de ballet, who were seen in groups, movements and poses. Blue Beard's castle arises from the earth, and Fatima is given the key, with the injunction not to open the door of the blue chamber, underpenalty of death, and all the points of the story are illustrated until Blue Beard's return; and when the latter is about to behead Fatima, Selim and his warriors enters and rescues his lady-love. The fairy then transforms Blue Beard into Clown, Selim into Harlequin, Ibrahim into Pantaloon, and Fatima into Columbine, and the pantomime commences. Among the chief points of interest are the shooting of the Clown from a mammoth cannon; a contest between Jack the Giant-killer and the Giant Comoran; the Abode of the Giants, where are seen a number of dances of various kinds, and four female giants are each seen to swallow a little boy each; combats with the giants; a combat between the giants and the Lilliputian army; the appearance in a sleigh drawn by two reindeers of Santa Claus, who distributes toys to the children; and a grand carnival scene, terminating with three transformation towers and a grand display of fireworks. After the pantomime the customary races were given. Attendance fair.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS, under the direction of L. B. Lent, assisted by James Melville, equestrian director, and Charles Boswold, director of the orchestra, commenced a season at the Terrace-garden Theatre on Tuesday evening, Dec. 22. The stage has been constructed upon the floor of the parquet immediately in front of the stage. Although a series of attractive performances were given, the attendance was but fair, and apparently badly located for public amusements during the holiday season. The entertainments commenced with acrobatic feats by the company. Frank Melville was next seen in backward-somersault riding; then William Conrad, John Burke and Thomas Watson gave performances upon the horizontal bar; Fred Alexander did an act of equitation called "The Crystal Pyramids;" George Donald displayed daring and skill in backward-somersault riding: R. Denzer and Henry Wilcox did some graceful posturing and jumping; Little Clarence Welby (the baby act); Hen. J. Messenger juggled with cannon-balls; Harry Welby Cooke, an excellent bareback rider, gave much satisfaction in an act entitled "Pleasures and Pastimes of an English Jockey;" William Conrad exhibited the performance of Miss Kate Cooke exemplified the style of riding known as "Haute Ecole," while mounted upon her dancing mare "Dagmar;" a comical acrobatic scene was given by Denzer and Wilcox; James Melville rode a dashing hurdle-act, his horse being destitute of saddle and bridle. Mr. Melville also introduced his dog in a carrying-act. The comical sketch of "The Cobbler and Tailor" closed the show. D. A. Seal and William Conrad were the clowns.

E. L. DAVENPORT began a week's engagement at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Dec. 21, acting Sir Giles Overreach in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." We have so frequently spoken in terms of commendation of Mr. Davenport's excellence in this role that nothing need be added at the present writing. The play was effectively mounted, and he received efficient support from the stock company, the cast including George Devere as Lovell; Mr. Hart as Jenkins, Wellborn; James Lewis, Justice Greedy; J. W. Jennings, Marall; Hart Conway, Allworth; D. Whiting, Furnace; J. G. Peakes, Order; Mr. Eytinge, Amble; Mr. Peakes, Parson Welbo; I. Devean, Tapwell; Mr. Barton, Vintner; Mr. Sullivan, Tailor; Miss Annie Graham, Lady Allworth; Miss Ida Jewett, Margaret Overreach; Miss Nellie Mortimer, Froth; and Miss Stella Congdon, Tabitha. The success of this play was so great that several proposed changes in the programme during the week were abandoned. Monsieur Alphonse" was acted at the Christmas matinee, with the same cast; and to save that James Lewis and Bijou Heron acted their original characters of Jovin and Adrienne respectively. D. H. Harkins acted Capt. Montaglin; Hart Conway, Mons. Octave; J. W. Jennings, Reuny; Miss Sara Jewett, Rosamond; Miss Nellie Mortimer, Mme. Guichard; Miss Nina Varian, Mme. Bonnet; Miss Stella Congdon, Bonette. This week Miss Carlotta Leclercq is to act in "Pygmalion and Galatea," which will be performed for the first time at this theatre.

GEORGE L. ADAMS, the Le Calvin Brothers, and Diamond and Ryan appeared at the Theatre Comique on Dec. 21. Mr. Adams evinced skill in a number of acrobatic feats, and gave some clever performances upon stilts. The Le Calvin Brothers performed a trick similar to "The Indian Basket Mystery." They used what they were pleased to term crystal canes, which were some forty inches in length, composed mainly of glass. One of these after being locked with two padlocks, and covered on every side with a netting of ropes and cords, by buckles and straps upon the top, was placed in the centre of the stage, and then the other box was placed upon it. Upon the interior of the bottom of this box was an apparatus like the stocks formerly used for punishing criminals. One of the brothers knelt upon this portion of the box, placed his two hands in the stocks, which fitted closely around his wrists, and the stocks were locked with two locks. The box was closed over him and securely locked. A screen was then placed around the boxes, and the top covered with a large cloth. After an interval of some two minutes and a half, at a given signal from the interior, these were removed, and the spectators beheld the gentleman who had been, apparently, so firmly secured in the upper box now occupying the lower one. A gentleman from the audience, who had been upon the stage during the entire performance of this feat, personally examined both boxes and found the locks, netting, &c., as secure as at first. The trick is a good one, but hardly suited to this class of theatres. Diamond and Ryan gave their character songs-and-dances, meeting with their accustomed favor. John Wild and William Gaylord gave a burlesque double-trapeze performance, which elicited considerable laughter. Many of their feats were seriously worthy of praise, and evinced genuine gymnastic ability. A new musical burlesque by Edward Harrigan, with new music by Prof. D. Braham, entitled "Fee-G," closed the entertainments, which included, besides those already specified, songs by Alice Bennett, clog-dancing by John Williams, serio-comic songs by Amy Roberts, jig-dancing by Kitty O'Neil, the musical act of "The Skidmores," and the sketches of "Big Gun and Little Gun" by Charles White and Wm. Carter, and "Patrick's-day Parade" by Harrigan and Hart. Business good for the season.

WITH THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, the changes since our last report consisted of "Creep Close to my Heart, Little Darling," sung by Eugene Tremaine; "Don't Go, Mollie Darling," by D. S. Wambold; "The Menagerie," with a description of the animals, by Billy Birch; and "Sweet Genevieve," by Carl Rudolph, in the first part; and in the olio Mackin and Wilson gave a double song-and-dance entitled "Betsy and I are Out;" Arthur Bent, a cornet solo; and the sketches of "The Sewing-machine Girl" and "The Black Statue," were revived. W. S. Mullaly's orchestra deserve a word of praise, and the excellence of the part-singing is noticeable. A matinee was given on Christmas, and the attendance has been fair.

NO MATINEES were given at the Lyceum Theatre the past week, in consequence of the necessary rehearsals of "Mme. L'Archeduc," which is announced for production Dec. 29.

MISS BLANCHE COLERIDGE, lately with the Majilton, sailed for Europe in the steamship City of New York on Dec. 22.

MRS. IVAN C. MICHELS gave a reading in the schoolroom of All Souls' Church, on Dec. 22, which was well attended.

"THE TWO ORPHANS," an adaptation by Hart Jackson of a romantic drama entitled "Les Deux Orphelines," written by Adolphe D'Ennery (the author of "Don Cesar De Bazan") and Eugene Gorman, was produced for the first time on any stage at the Union-square Theatre on Dec. 21, and has since held the stage and been acted with the following cast:

Chevalier Maurice De Vaudrey.....Charles R. Thorne Jr
Count De Linieres.....John Parselle
Picard.....Stuart Robson
Jacques Frochard.....McKee Rankin
Pierre Frochard.....F. F. Mackay
Marquis De Presles.....W. J. Cogswell
Lefleur.....H. W. Montgomery
Doctor.....Thomas E. Morris
Martin.....Lysander Thompson
Officer of the Guard.....J. W. Mathews
Chief Clerk.....W. H. Wilder
De Maffly.....Mr. Bolton
D'Estrees.....Mr. Raynor
Servant.....W. J. Quigley
Footman.....C. M. Collins
Marianne.....Miss Rose Eytinge
Countess Diane De Linieres.....Miss Fanny Morant
Louise.....Miss Kate Claxton
Henriette.....Miss Kitty Blanchard
La Frochard.....Mrs. Marie Wilkins
Sister Genevieve.....Miss Ida Vernon
Victorine, with song.....Miss Ella Burns
Julie.....Miss Roberta Norwood
Florette.....Miss Kate Holland
Cora.....Miss Cora Cassidy
Sister Therese.....Miss Hattie Thorpe

The drama was mounted with new scenery, which deserves to be ranked with the best ever seen in this city. Particular mention may be deservedly made of the opening scene, representing "The Place Pont Neuf;" the second, "The Illuminated Garden and Terrace at Bel Air, near Paris;" and the fourth, "The Place St. Sulpice," which was depicted after a storm of snow and sleet, and which was a triumph of distemper painting. The effects of the latter were so natural that the artist, Mr. Richard Marston, was rightly summoned before the audience to receive their plaudits; and it may be mentioned that he wore a heavy overcoat and carried an umbrella, whereby the harmony of the scene was not destroyed. The other scenes, although not requiring particular description, were excellent, and all were from the master's pencil. The drama is a good one, although a little too prolix—the natural result of making concessions to the display of scenery. It was performed in four acts and seven tableaux—in reality seven acts—and upon the opening night detained the audience more than an hour after midnight. Subsequent representations have shortened the time of performance until about twenty minutes of twelve o'clock. But few of the characters are strongly drawn, and the interest settles in four or five people. The story of the plot we published shortly after the original production of the drama in Paris, France; consequently there is no need of repetition. Charles R. Thorne Jr. found in Chevalier De Vaudrey an excellent opportunity to display his best artistic abilities. His fine personal physique, sympathetic voice, and chivalrous bearing were well suited to the character; and while he was only seen as the champion of the oppressed, the effulgence of the armor of his family, and as a "crusader" in the cause of virtue, he quickly won the sympathies of his auditors, who testified their approbation by frequent applause. John Parselle as the Count De Linieres was natural, yet he subdued the dignity and force of the role. Stuart Robson as the valet Picard did not have a good scope to display his *vis comica;* yet by assuming a peculiar delivery of his dialogue and a stiffness of manner, he created no little laughter. McKee Rankin as Jacques Frochard, a light-comedy ruffian, was seen to good advantage. F. F. Mackay, as the brother, a cripple, gave an excellent exemplification of his abilities as a character actor. His personality was abnegated, and his entire performance deserves high praise as regards make-up, conception and embodiment. J. Coggswell, who made his first appearance at this theatre, was satisfactory in the small role of the Marquis De Presles. Miss Rose Eytinge, who was visible in only two scenes, had but little opportunity to display her ability, yet in these her efforts were excellent. Miss Kate Claxton, as the blind orphan Louise, who was in reality the prominent figure of the drama, and in whom the chief interest centred, was seen to far better advantage than ever before. Her make-up was excellent, and her acting worthy of high praise, evincing talent in a certain direction which we had not hitherto supposed that she possessed. Miss Kitty Blanchard (who made her first appearance on this as the other orphan, Henrietta, likewise deserves praise for natural and conscientious acting. Miss Fanny Morant as the Countess De Linieres was artistic and excellent. Miss Ida Vernon, another first appearance, delivered with intelligence the brief lines assigned her, and gave a commendable portraiture of Sister Genevieve. Mrs. Marie Wilkins as La Frochard, into whose hands the blind orphan falls, and who compels her to beg for her support, and treats her with ruffianly cruelty, deserves the highest commendation for her very artistic portrayal of the character. It is entitled to rank as one of the most prominent features of the drama. The remaining characters, including Miss Ella Burns, who made her first appearance and sang a song creditably. were well acted, although they were the briefest of sketches. The drama has made a good hit, judging from the attendance, which has been good, we think it is booked for a run.

MISS LIZZIE KELSEY, who acted Stalacta; Miss Flora Lee, who impersonated Amina; and the Boisset Family, gymnasts, were added to the attractions of "The Black Crook" at the Grand Opera-house on Dec. 21. King Kalakaua and suite attended the performances on Dec. 24. Attendance moderate.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE the cancan was withdrawn after Wednesday evening, owing to the interference of the police, an account of which may be found elsewhere. James Welch and Maud Le Moine performed a musical sketch called "The Happy Irish Pair;" George Warren gave banjo solos; Gussy Walby was seen in a fancy dance; Harry Sheldon's juggling elicited applause, as did Maggie Bowers' songs. Charles Vincent, aided by G. W. Pike, gave a picture of Southern life as "Old Black Joe;" Stevie Sarsfield danced clog-dances; Katie McKair was heard in serio-comic songs; Lola performed upon the aerial trapeze, and made a leap through a hoop of fire from the gallery to the stage; John Goodrich sang comic songs; and the sketches of "The Hero of the Hour," "Sample Switchell's Courtship," and "The New York Mechanic"—introducing John Manning, Harry Hart, C. F. Seabert, Harry Clifford, and the Misses Lottie Grant, Lizzie Smith, and Cora Cushman—filled out the bill, which attracted a good business.

THE FRESH APPEARANCES at the Olympic Theatre the past week were the Victorellis, who evinced skill in their acrobatic and musical performances. An enjoyable programme was given, which attracted a fair attendance, and included Ada Hughes as "The Active Girl;" Niles and Evans, in their sketch of "Off for Georgia;" Sol Smith Russell, in his amateur sketches and facial delineations; Rickey and Barney, in the chief characters in a sketch called "The New Policeman;" Miss Emma Day, in serio-comic songs; a new emotional sketch by Gus Williams entitled "The German's Dead Child," with the author in the principal character; "The Awkward Squad," by Sam Rickey, Master Barney, W. B. Cahill, Thos. Granger, Wm. Courtright and Andy Hughes; Gus Williams' Dutch comicalities in a sketch entitled "The Flag I Love the Best;" and "The Black and Tan) Crook," which was performed for the last times.

THE ATTENDANCE ON CHRISTMAS at our places of public amusement averaged fair at the matinees and good at night. The largest attendance was at Niblo's Garden and the Hippodrome. At some of theatres there were many seats unoccupied.

THE CANCAN IS DEFUNCT—at least, so far as this city is concerned. The strong arm of the law has seized "the offenders," and they are now awaiting for future trial. On Wednesday night, Dec. 23, about half-past o'clock, Capt. McDonnell of the Eighth Police-precinct and a large force of men entered the auditorium of the Metropolitan Theatre, and arrested the female cancan dancers and took them to the station-house, where they were locked up for the night. The manager Shapter escaped from the theatre as the officers were entering, but he was subsequently arrested uptown and taken to the police-station and locked up. The case was called for trial in the Court of General Sessions on Thursday, the charging him with keeping a disorderly house and causing an indecent exhibition to be given. The Grand Jury had previously found an indictment against Mr. Shapter, upon which he gave bail and caused the performances to be continued pending the trial of that accusation—hence the second arrest. The twelve girls were discharged upon their recognizance to appear Dec. 28, and Mr. Shapter gave bail for his future appearance. The Recorder said: "I do not believe in this business, and I am going to break it up;" and Mr. Shapter's counsel assured that the cancan performances would not be repeated.

SUNDAY THEATRICALS STOPPED.—On Tuesday, Paul Falk, the manager of the Tivoli Garden, who has been so frequently arrested for violating the Sunday law, was arraigned in the Court of Oyer and Terminer before Judge Cardozo of the numerous indictments found against him. He pleaded guilty and promised not to give theatrical or variety performances again while the present law remained in force. He made some explanations in mitigation of punishment, and craved the mercy of the Court, and in consideration thereof he was punished by fine only—$250—which he paid, and left the court.

J. S. DELANEY, comedian, arrived in this city on Dec. 24 by the steamship Clarabel from Kingston, Jamaica.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, during the expired week, "Aurora-as-Pogue" was acted at the evening performances, and "The Carpenter of Rouen" and "Aladdin" at the matinees. An extra performance was given on Christmas at eleven o'clock A. M. On Thursday evening Joe Coburn received a complimentary benefit, when he had the assistance of Larry Powers, Mike Noonan, Mike Coburn and two amateurs, who gave exhibitions of the art of self-defense. On Friday evening and during the remainder of the week, "Aladdin" was added to the evening programme.

"SANTA CLAUS," a new Christmas sketch, was presented at Bryant's Minstrels on Dec. 21, for the special amusement of the juveniles, and during its performance Santa Claus distributed one thousand toys to the children who were present at the matinees on Christmas and Saturday. The closing scene represented Central Park when the ball is up, and all of the characters were seen in a skating carnival. The other changes in the programme included "Old Joe" by J. Kelly; "Bonny Jean," by W. Raymond; "Riding in a Street-car," a song-and-dance by Hogan and Emerson; W. H. Rice as Norman in burlesque opera; and the revival of "Fooling With the Wrong Man," "Glycerine Oil" and "The Pet Elephant."

THE ONE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE of Col. Mulberry Sellers, by John T. Raymond, in Mark Twain's American drama at the Park Theatre, occurred on Dec. 23, when, in addition to the presentation of the commemorative gifts referred to in our past issue, Mark Twain graced the occasion with his presence and briefly addressed the audience. Mr. Raymond was called before the curtain, and during his remarks he modestly attributed a portion of his success to Manager Stuart. The dramatic season will terminate Jan. 8.

SALLIE ADAMS, Emerson and Clarke, Julie Keene, and Amelia Dean may be seen at the Metropolitan Theatre this week. "La Jardin Mabille" is announced, but it is stated that none of the objectionable features of the cancan and other dances will be given.

E. T. STETSON in the drama of "Neck and Neck," Miss Nettie Florence, W. H. Tilla, and McCullough and McGarret are to be added to the forces of the Globe Theatre next week.

LENT'S NEW YORK CIRCUS, finding that the Terrace-garden Theatre was not a suitable location for their performances at this season of the year, has retired from the field.

THIS WILL BE the last week of "The Black Crook" at the Grand Opera-house.

HARPER AND STANSIL, one-legged song-and-dance men, and Miss Josephine Adams, vocalist, are to join the company at the Olympic Theatre Dec. 28, and a new local sketch called "Up-town and Down-town" is to be performed, for the first time.

"THE MELLIGAN GUARDS" will give their last parades this season at the Theatre Comique during the present week. "Ireland vs. Italy" will be performed for the first time this season, and "Santa Claus, or Poverty's Holiday," will be the closing sketch.

TONY PASTOR announces that he will distribute among his audiences this week sixty hams on Monday evening, sixty turkeys on Thursday evening, and one thousand toys to the children who may attend the matinee on Jan. 1. Lou

OUR ALBANY, N. Y., correspondence to Dec. 26 is as follows: "Donald McKay's Warm Spring Indians, assisted by W. H. Brent, commenced an engagement at the Opera-house on the 21st to fair business. The attendance, contrary to expectation, was light, although on Christmas business was fairly remunerative. The drama is full of improbabilities, and only serves to introduce the Indians. Donald McKay is fine-looking, and apparently an intelligent person, very modest and pleasing in his demeanor, and did very nicely the little required of him. The remainder of the Indians are, to say the least, curiosities, and, if introduced in a good border drama, with the proper effect, would be well worth seeing. Mr. Brent acted the title-role very fairly, and Messrs. Waverley, Learock, Eberle, Gilbert, Morris, the Misses Chase, Morgan, and the others who completed the cast, were satisfactory. Dec. 28 Edwin Adams opens.....With the exception of Christmas afternoon and evening, the Capitol Theatre fared badly pecuniarily. E. T. Stetson, the star coalmencing 21st, was to have opened with 'Chances,' but owing to the illness of Miss Marion Somers, who accompanies him, it was not produced, 'Blackeyed Susan' and a farce being played instead. On Tuesday 'Chances' was brought out, and continued the attraction up to Dec. 25, when 'Neck and Neck' was substituted for the rest of the week. Mr. Stetson's abilities are well known, and are worthy of the most favorable comment, while a good word may be said for the Misses Flora Myers, Agnes McGregor, May Hawthorne, Messrs. Geo. Hill, Frank Doud, C. B. Rhodes and P. C. Walsh, who lent excellent support. J. A. Myers and W. H. Purcell relinquish the management of, and close the season at, this theatre to-night (26). These gentlemen, although unsuccessful in managing this house, are still entitled to the good wishes of all whom they have intercourse with, for since the commencement of their season—a losing one throughout—they have met their losses promptly, and have acted in every respect like square-dealing, upright men.....Manager Albaugh has been playing Baker and Farron in Cohoes all the week to good business, and will put the Indians and 'Wildcat Ned' on the road for a week, commencing Dec. 28."

"THE VIRGINIAN" was presented for the first time in Pittsburg, Pa., at the Opera-house, on Dec. 21, and was reproduced every night during the week, and at the matinees on the 25th and 26th. Our correspondent, under date of Dec. 25, says: "The attendance was limited on the first two nights, but as each subsequent entertainment business materially improved. 'The Virginian,' as a domestic drama, possesses considerable merit. It was prettily dressed in new scenery, painted by Arthur Palmer, and the sunrise, sunset and Winter scenes were much admired. Frank E. Aiken acted Van Vernon very satisfactorily. His quiet and manly style well fits him for the character. Mr. Egbert played Richard Calvert acceptably. As Cromwell Calvert, Mr. Crompton was capital, and correct, as he always is. Miss Jennie Knox and John Pennington were creditably rendered by Messrs. Wilson and Murray. What little Mr. Turner had to do as Jack was well done. Miss Troy was successful as Kate Calvert, as also was Miss Katie Baker as Jennie Jenkins. Lou Manning was very pleasingly acted by Miss Amy Thompson, and little Gabrielle, in the role of Hattie, was all that could be desired. On Dec. 28 J. S. Clarke in 'The Heir-at-law' and 'Toodles.'.....Mr. Edwin Price, juvenile, at the Opera-house, and Miss Kate Baker, soubrette, of the same company, were married by Rev. Dr. Spaulding of this city on Dec. 23.....Robert McFarland, a scene-shifter at the Opera-house, had his neck broken by a fall in the theatre on the 19th.....Mlle. Marietta Ravel appeared in 'The French Spy' at the Academy of Music on Dec. 22, and 'The Dumb Boy of Manchester' on the 23d, 24th. Business was light the first part of the week, but increased afterwards. 'The Wizard Skiff' was given for the Christmas matinee, and will be reproduced on Christmas night. Mlle. Ravel is supported by Messrs. E. Sargeant, H. B. Bradley, G. A. Chalfin, G. A. Beane, F. W. Curtis, W. M. Paul, E. S. Sarr, and Miss Julia Curtis, Frank Tracy, Jas. Snyder, Miss Jenny Foster, Miss Grace Marco, etc.....Hernandez Foster appeared as Monday, in 'Jack Harkaway,' at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on the 21st. The attendance was light. Mr. Foster was supported by members of the opera-house company, consisting of Messrs. Price, Johnson, Graham, Langdon, Walker, Hicks, Standish, Fisher, Thomas, Sinclair, Brown, Miss Willa Brong and Celia Johnson. 'Jack Harkaway' will compose the bill every night this week and at the matinees on the 25th and 28th. As the week progressed business grew better."

THE ENGAGEMENT of Little Nell at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La., terminated on Dec. 19, and on the 22d our correspondent thus writes: "During her second week, up to the 18th, she was suffering from an indisposition, which prevented her appearance, and the time was agreably filled by the stock company, a selection of pieces. On the 18th she made a reappearance in 'Fidelia,'' and on the 19th in 'Andy Blake,' giving in the latter character undoubtedly the best of acting displayed in her engagement here. Little Nell deserves the most unqualified commendation for her persevering determination and ambition in her dramatic efforts, yet she has some imperfections, which, if corrected, would tend largely to that very end. Her reading is so rapid and hurried as often to become indistinct; her elegant wardrobe, which is only an accessory to art, and not art itself, is sometimes displayed upon characters with which it is entirely inconsistent —'Waifs,' for instance—and sometimes, again, that modest confidence, which in an actress is always agreeable to her audience, approaches what is termed 'stage assurance,' and is not so agreeable. She has much improved since her engagement here one year ago, is young, petite and graceful in figure, and has much to make, if she will, of the future. On the 20th Mr. F. S. Chanfrau opened at the St. Charles, a new engagement, to a large and enthusiastic audience, in his well-known impersonation of Kit, which will hold the boards until further notice. The star and the character are so well and favorably known as to make criticism unnecessary. The support by the company is generally good, especially with Miss Virginia Buchanan's dual role of Mary and Alice Redding, Mr. H. W. Mitchell's Manuel Bond and Mr. P. E. Sullivan's Major Squiggs. The scenery and mechanical effects are not worthy of any especial praise. Mr. Chanfrau's route (dates not given) embraces the following cities: Memphis, Galveston, Little Rock, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, Washington, Toronto, Providence, Rochester and Philadelphia.....At Bidwell's Academy of Music, the burlesque of 'Hamlet' was withdrawn to make room on the 21st for 'After Dark,' which was placed on the boards for the holiday week. The second act introduces the various specialties mentioned in my last, with the addition of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Figures and the Valdis Children. The latter, from failure of trains to connect, upon which they were to arrive, were not able to appear last night, but will be on hand this evening. Mr. Bidwell's usual gift-matinee will be given on Christmas-day. Fuller notice of 'After Dark' is deferred to my next.....Mr. John E. Owens' Caleb Plummer was the feature at the Varieties during the past week. It is long since any piece has been produced upon the Varieties stage so brilliant in its cast, in scenery, in acting, and in music, and the result has been audiences that have been charmed even from the rising of the curtain to the going-down of the same. The cast was as follows, and each individual excelled: Caleb Plummer, Mr. John E. Owens; Bertha, Miss Laura Don; Dot, Miss Ada Gilman; May Fielding, Miss A. Price; Tilly Slowboy, Miss A. Boudinot; Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. J. L. Carhart; John Perrybingle, Mr. Theodore Hamilton; Tackleton, Mr. A. Sendelbeck; the Stranger, Mr. Colin Stuart. The play of Tilly Slowboy was among the interlocutory roles assumed here by Miss Boudinot, and in it she well established her claims to dramatic ability and to public appreciation. On the 21st Mrs. D. P. Bowers opened an engagement at the Varieties. The piece, 'The Hunchback,' was elegantly mounted, and the support by the company excellent. Mrs. Bowers' well-known repertoire will hold the boards during the engagement."

AMUSEMENTS IN BALTIMORE, MD., the past week have not been of a very high order, yet they were all well patronized, wrote our correspondent on Dec. 26, adding: "The different matinees and night performances at the various theatres on Christmas-day were quite largely attended; in some cases not even standing-room was to be had. At the Grand Opera-house Dec. 28 the Kellogg Grand English Opera Company will open..... 'The Seven Sins,' with Milnes Levick and the regular stock company, was the attraction at Holliday-street Theatre on Dec. 21. They had unexpectedly to cry to our people, turned out to be a melodrama, instead of a fairy extravaganza as they supposed. The drama is a good one, and is from the pens of George Conquest and Paul Merritt, the authors of 'Hand and Glove.' Mr. Ford purchased the drama from them in London, and it was the first introduction in America. The play was effectively cast, and as the scenic artist had been busy for some time past on the scenery, the setting of the piece was all that could be desired. The cast was as follows: Sleuth, a detective (Pride), Milnes Levick; Morgan (Cruelty), Mark Price; Clinch (Avarice), Mr. Lanagan; Boozy (Drunkenness), Chas. Stanley; Lounge (Idleness), Geo. Denham; Tempest (Anger), W. H. Burton; Hemlock (Envy), Miss Jennie Clifford; Faith Morath, Miss De Forrest. Mr. Chas. Young the ventriloquist, with his six funny little men, was splendid, and his efforts were greeted with great applause each evening. This gentleman remains over another week. Delehanty and Hengler were very fine in their original musical sketch entitled 'The Sea of Ice,' and they close on the 28th. Next (this) week, 'The Sea of Ice,' and Fox and Goss, song-and-dance.....John Brougham made his appearance at the Front-street Theatre on Dec. 21, in his well-written drama of 'The Lottery of Life.' Mr. Brougham's acting of Terry was characterized by that subdued style of humor for which he is so famous. Walter Benn was fine in his dual representations of Mordie Solomons and Mr. Allcraft. Mr. Chester was very impressive as Robert Mordaunt. Miss Fannie Prestige as Polly was splendid, and her characteristic song in the second act received a hearty encore. There was nothing specially noteworthy in the olio this week, it being pretty much the same as that of the week previous, and was filled by the following artists: Miss Jennie Engle, in some of her choice ballads; the Coleman Sisters, in their musical melange; Miss Adelaide Miller, in some amusing songs; and Ben Dodge, in extemporaneous rhymes. Mr. Brougham and all the above variety stars closed Dec. 26, to be followed on Dec. 28 by Miss Alice Placide, in her new play of 'Money and Misery,' with an entire new variety olio, by Jennie Morgan, vocalist; Fred Wilson, Ethiopian specialist; Cushing and Fritz, gymnasts; Miss Kitty Sharpe, vocalist and dancer; Miss Ella Saunders, clog dancer; and Healey and Conway, Ethiopian comedians. Tuesday, Dec. 29, Geo. E. Edeson, stage-manager, takes a benefit."

MANAGERS desiring to secure Rena and Fred G. Maeder for the production of J. J. McCloskey's drama of 'Castle Garden' and several other pieces including Mr. Maeder's play "The Inside Track," are referred to an advertisement in another column, which gives further particulars.

NEVER IN DETROIT was there a star better billed, or the business better worked up, than in the case of Katharine Rogers during the last three nights of the season—Dec. 21, 22 and 23, she had empty benches. The truth is, our correspondent says, "she is overweighted in the characters she assumes; she possesses many an attribute necessary for success in melodrama, but when she essays 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Leah,' 'The Hunchback,' etc., she goes beyond her sphere, in which she would be a bright star if limited to her proper characters. Gardiner's Company was a poor support, with the exception of Harry Murdock, who gave us the finest Mercutio we ever saw. May he visit us again, for he is a sterling actor."

E. L. DAVENPORT opens in Sir Giles Overreach at Mrs. F. B. Conway's Brooklyn Theatre on January 4. His last engagement there was a great success, artistically and pecuniarily. On January 11 he reappears at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, this city, as Wolcot. On January 25 he opens at Opera-house, Pittsburg, and goes thence to Academy of Music, Cleveland; Opera-house, Providence; St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, for two weeks; Tremont Opera-house, Galveston; Houston and Cincinnati.

WM. HORACE LINGARD purposes taking another trip to San Francisco, so play at Platt's Hall.

J. S. DELANEY, comedian and character actor, has returned from the West Indies, and can be engaged through his agent, Col. T. Allston Brown.

THE THEATRES IN BROOKLYN, L. I., were well patronized during the past week. "Round the Clock" was the drawing card at the Park. In the scene representing Harry Hill's sporting house, Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers gave an exhibition of the "manly art of self-defense," according to the rules of the English P. R. Master Fred Bishop executed a bone solo, while Reardon and Hill brought down the house in the execution of a double jig. Ed. Lamb was very good as Lawyer Gaddigot, as was Frank Lamb as Roundsman Lafferty. C. H. Thompson's personation of Harry Hill was very life-like. Frank Evans, Chas. Norris, H. D. Clifton, Miss Blanche Gray and May Arlington merit favorable notice. Mrs. Agnes Booth, supported by J. B. Booth and Joseph Wheelock, appear in 'King John" Dec. 28.....At the Brooklyn Theatre, Mrs. F. B. Conway and Frank Roche reappeared Dec. 21 in "Much Ado About Nothing." They were heartily welcomed. "Love's Sacrifice" 22, "As You Like It" 23, "Led Astray" 24, "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" and "Rose of Killarney" Christmas matinee, "Masks and Faces" and "Katharine and Petruchio" Christmas night, "Modes" and "Don Cæsar" 26, "Led Astray" 27. Miss Marietta Ravel appeared in 'The French Spy' at the Academy of Music on Dec. 22, and 'The Dumb Boy of Manchester' on the 23d, 24th. Business was light the first part of the week, but increased afterwards. 'The Wizard Skiff" was given for the Christmas matinee, and will be reproduced on Christmas night. Mlle. Ravel is supported by Messrs. E. Sargeant, H. B. Bradley, G. A. Chalfin, G. A. Beane, F. W. Curtis, W. M. Paul, E. S. Sarr, and Miss Julia Curtis, Frank Tracy, Jas. Snyder, Miss Jenny Foster, Miss Grace Marco, etc.....Hernandez Foster appeared as Monday, in 'Jack Harkaway,' at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on the 21st. The attendance was light. Mr. Foster was supported by members of the opera-house company, consisting of Messrs. Price, Johnson, Graham, Langdon, Walker, Hicks, Standish, Fisher, Thomas, Sinclair, Brown, Miss Willa Brong and Celia Johnson. 'Jack Harkaway' will compose the bill every night this week and at the matinees on the 25th and 28th. As the week progressed business grew better."

THE ENGAGEMENT of Little Nell at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La., terminated on Dec. 19, and on the 22d our correspondent thus writes: "During her second week, up to the 18th, she was suffering from an indisposition, which prevented her appearance, and the time was agreably filled by the stock company, a selection of pieces. On the 18th she made a reappearance in 'Fidelia,'' and on the 19th in 'Andy Blake,' giving in the latter character undoubtedly the best of acting displayed in her engagement here. Little Nell deserves the most unqualified commendation for her persevering determination and ambition in her dramatic efforts, yet she has some imperfections, which, if corrected, would tend largely to that very end. Her reading is so rapid and hurried as often to become indistinct; her elegant wardrobe, which is only an accessory to art, and not art itself, is sometimes displayed upon characters with which it is entirely inconsistent —'Waifs,' for instance—and sometimes, again, that modest confidence, which in an actress is always agreeable to her audience, approaches what is termed 'stage assurance,' and is not so agreeable. She has much improved since her engagement here one year ago, is young, petite and graceful in figure, and has much to make, if she will, of the future. On the 20th Mr. F. S. Chanfrau opened at the St. Charles, a new engagement, to a large and enthusiastic audience, in his well-known impersonation of Kit, which will hold the boards until further notice. The star and the character are so well and favorably known as to make criticism unnecessary. The support by the company is generally good, especially with Miss Virginia Buchanan's dual role of Mary and Alice Redding, Mr. H. W. Mitchell's Manuel Bond and Mr. P. E. Sullivan's Major Squiggs. The scenery and mechanical effects are not worthy of any especial praise. Mr. Chanfrau's route (dates not given) embraces the following cities: Memphis, Galveston, Little Rock, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, Washington, Toronto, Providence, Rochester and Philadelphia.....At Bidwell's Academy of Music, the burlesque of 'Hamlet' was withdrawn to make room on the 21st for 'After Dark,' which was placed on the boards for the holiday week. The second act introduces the various specialties mentioned in my last, with the addition of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Figures and the Valdis Children. The latter, from failure of trains to connect, upon which they were to arrive, were not able to appear last night, but will be on hand this evening. Mr. Bidwell's usual gift-matinee will be given on Christmas-day. Fuller notice of 'After Dark' is deferred to my next.....Mr. John E. Owens' Caleb Plummer was the feature at the Varieties during the past week. It is long since any piece has been produced upon the Varieties stage so brilliant in its cast, in scenery, in acting, and in music, and the result has been audiences that have been charmed even from the rising of the curtain to the going-down of the same. The cast was as follows, and each individual excelled: Caleb Plummer, Mr. John E. Owens; Bertha, Miss Laura Don; Dot, Miss Ada Gilman; May Fielding, Miss A. Price; Tilly Slowboy, Miss A. Boudinot; Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. J. L. Carhart; John Perrybingle, Mr. Theodore Hamilton; Tackleton, Mr. A. Sendelbeck; the Stranger, Mr. Colin Stuart. The play of Tilly Slowboy was among the interlocutory roles assumed here by Miss Boudinot, and in it she well established her claims to dramatic ability and to public appreciation. On the 21st Mrs. D. P. Bowers opened an engagement at the Varieties. The piece, 'The Hunchback,' was elegantly mounted, and the support by the company excellent. Mrs. Bowers' well-known repertoire will hold the boards during the engagement."

AMUSEMENTS IN BALTIMORE, MD., the past week have not been of a very high order, yet they were all well patronized, wrote our correspondent on Dec. 26, adding: "The different matinees and night performances at the various theatres on Christmas-day were quite largely attended; in some cases not even standing-room was to be had. At the Grand Opera-house Dec. 28 the Kellogg Grand English Opera Company will open..... 'The Seven Sins,' with Milnes Levick and the regular stock company, was the attraction at Holliday-street Theatre on Dec. 21. They had unexpectedly to cry to our people, turned out to be a melodrama, instead of a fairy extravaganza as they supposed. The drama is a good one, and is from the pens of George Conquest and Paul Merritt, the authors of 'Hand and Glove.' Mr. Ford purchased the drama from them in London, and it was the first introduction in America. The play was effectively cast, and as the scenic artist had been busy for some time past on the scenery, the setting of the piece was all that could be desired. The cast was as follows: Sleuth, a detective (Pride), Milnes Levick; Morgan (Cruelty), Mark Price; Clinch (Avarice), Mr. Lanagan; Boozy (Drunkenness), Chas. Stanley; Lounge (Idleness), Geo. Denham; Tempest (Anger), W. H. Burton; Hemlock (Envy), Miss Jennie Clifford; Faith Morath, Miss De Forrest. Mr. Chas. Young the ventriloquist, with his six funny little men, was splendid, and his efforts were greeted with great applause each evening. This gentleman remains over another week. Delehanty and Hengler were very fine in their original musical sketch entitled 'The Sea of Ice,' and they close on the 28th. Next (this) week, 'The Sea of Ice,' and Fox and Goss, song-and-dance.....John Brougham made his appearance at the Front-street Theatre on Dec. 21, in his well-written drama of 'The Lottery of Life.' Mr. Brougham's acting of Terry was characterized by that subdued style of humor for which he is so famous. Walter Benn was fine in his dual representations of Mordie Solomons and Mr. Allcraft. Mr. Chester was very impressive as Robert Mordaunt. Miss Fannie Prestige as Polly was splendid, and her characteristic song in the second act received a hearty encore. There was nothing specially noteworthy in the olio this week, it being pretty much the same as that of the week previous, and was filled by the following artists: Miss Jennie Engle, in some of her choice ballads; the Coleman Sisters, in their musical melange; Miss Adelaide Miller, in some amusing songs; and Ben Dodge, in extemporaneous rhymes. Mr. Brougham and all the above variety stars closed Dec. 26, to be followed on Dec. 28 by Miss Alice Placide, in her new play of 'Money and Misery,' with an entire new variety olio, by Miss Jennie Morgan, vocalist; Fred Wilson, Ethiopian specialist; Cushing and Fritz, gymnasts; Miss Kitty Sharpe, vocalist and dancer; Miss Ella Saunders, clog dancer; and Healey and Conway, Ethiopian comedians. Tuesday, Dec. 29, Geo. E. Edeson, stage-manager, takes a benefit."

MANAGERS desiring to secure Rena and Fred G. Maeder for the production of J. J. McCloskey's drama of 'Castle Garden" and several other pieces including Mr. Maeder's play "The Inside Track," are referred to an advertisement in another column, which gives further particulars.

NEVER IN DETROIT was there a star better billed, or the business better worked up, than in the case of Katharine Rogers during the last three nights of the season—Dec. 21, 22 and 23, she had empty benches. The truth is, our correspondent says, "she is overweighted in the characters she assumes; she possesses many an attribute necessary for success in melodrama, but when she essays 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Leah,' 'The Hunchback,' etc., she goes beyond her sphere, in which she would be a bright star if limited to her proper characters. Gardiner's Company was a poor support, with the exception of Harry Murdock, who gave us the finest Mercutio we ever saw. May he visit us again, for he is a sterling actor."

E. L. DAVENPORT opens in Sir Giles Overreach at Mrs. F. B. Conway's Brooklyn Theatre on January 4. His last engagement there was a great success, artistically and pecuniarily. On January 11 he reappears at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, this city, as Wolcot. On January 25 he opens at Opera-house, Pittsburg, and goes thence to Academy of Music, Cleveland; Opera-house, Providence; St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, for two weeks; Tremont Opera-house, Galveston; Houston and Cincinnati.

WM. HORACE LINGARD purposes taking another trip to San Francisco, so play at Platt's Hall.

J. S. DELANEY, comedian and character actor, has returned from the West Indies, and can be engaged through his agent, Col. T. Allston Brown.

ARTISTS desiring engagements at the Adelphi Opera-house, Philadelphia, are requested to address the manager, as per card.

HARRY HURDIG, gymnast, commences an engagement at Lee's Opera-house, St. John, N. B., on Jan. 4.

THE WAITE SISTERS, vocalists, with burlesque specialties, are at present performing at Shelby's Comique, Buffalo, N. Y., and will be at liberty Jan. 4.

A SOUBRETTE, a comedian and banjoist and an agent are wanted by H. N. C., who advertises.

AT THE ADELPHI OPERA-HOUSE, Philadelphia, St. Elmo and his well-trained dogs, and John Braidt in gymnastic feats of strength, were the attractions last week. John R. Lane, a well-known manager, assumed the control of this establishment on Dec. 24. Lon Edwards, Mlle. Leonetts, Brandt and St. Clair and Billy West open on Dec. 28.

AT GILMORE'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, an entire change of programme was given during the week ending Dec. 26, the attendance, as usual, being large. The new appearances were John H. Larkin and Carrie Armstrong, Nellie McDonald, Harry Kennedy, Joe Buckley, Barney Carter and Master Lew. John H. Larkin and Carrie Armstrong in their Dutch specialties were exceedingly good, their make-up and singing being alike deserving of praise. Miss Nellie McDonald in serio-comic vocalism, Barry Carter in the "Irish Emigrant's Lament," Joe Buckley as "Bad Dickey," Master Lew in jig, banjo and bone solos, and Harry Kennedy in ventriloquism, also earned for themselves a liberal share of approval. Gilday and Gineven, Harry Kennedy, Nellie McDonald, Lew and Altie Hallett, and Joe Buckley closed on Dec. 26. W. B. Cavanagh, who has been engaged for the season, will produce his specialties in rapid succession, opening Dec. 28 in his local drama of "The Mad Poet." Wilson and McKeever, Wm. Horace Bent, Signor Wenzel and the Nelecourt Brothers are the other new arrivals.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the attendance during the week ending Dec. 26 was very large, especially Christmas-night, when many were unable to obtain admission. Sanford and Wilson, the Miaco Family and Young Ajax commenced engagements on Dec. 21. Sandford and Wilson, who are very clever in their act of "The Musical Mokes," were much applauded. The Miaco Family—Tom, Ashton and Jennie—performed with grace and daring a gymnastic act. Young Ajax goes through a variety of curious contortions in a clever manner. The new ballet, "Jockeys of Suffolk," introduced Miles. De Rosa, Helene, and Emma, assisted by a ballet corps mustering in great force. The performance concluded with J. F. Raymond's burlesque pantomime of "Davy Jones' Locker," the author merrily sustaining the part of the clown in the harlequinade. Jennie Morgan closed Dec. 26. Gilday and Gineven commence the new week.

THE CENTENNIAL VARIETIES is the name of an establishment on Lombard street, below Broad, Philadelphia, opened to the public for the first time on the 21st of December.

EDA BRANT, Paul Berger, the Robinson Family, Joseph Hart and Jennie H. Vannett were the new arrivals last week at the Odeon Varieties, Philadelphia.

AT THE ODEON, Newark, N. J., the departures Dec. 26 included Charles Diamond, to Buffalo; Harper and Stansill, to New York; C. W. Kemble, Annie Fox, and the Walhalla Brothers. Announcements for this week are Frank Gibbons, the Weston Sisters, and Harris and Carroll.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, formerly known as the Jefferson Opera-house, Cumberland, Md., was opened Dec. 22 under the management of John Le Grange, Goodman & Allen. Miss Georgie Desmond is among the company.

CHARLES F. VIVIAN performed at Stockton, Cal., during the past week.

THE COMPANY at the Theatre Comique, Toledo, O., the past week, included the St. Felix Combination, John Cannon, Miss Josie Austin, the Haley Brothers—Ed and Tom—Kearney and Moran, and Joe Gilbert. St. Felix and children are big cards. Little Leonora in character changes took the house by storm, while Henrietta and Clementina were well received in their duets. The whole family, in a ballet divertisement, showed themselves to be graceful dancers. John Cannon in clog-dancing and Irish songs was finely received, and Josie Austin in Irish specialties made a hit; Miss Josie Austin in ballads pleasing; and the Haley Brothers in acrobatic songs-and-dances received numerous encores. Kearney and Moran open in Indianapolis Jan. 18; the Haley Brothers, Fall River; and John Cannon, Dayton, Jan. 4; the St. Felix Combination, Providence, R. I., Jan. 4; Harry Monroe and Grace Harris open Dec. 28. Biz good. Letter of Dec. 25.

A VARIETY HALL, under local management and with local celebrities as the attraction, was to have been opened in Houston, Texas, last week, as the Academy of Music.

ARTISTS desiring engagements with Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels can address M. B. Leavitt at the Halsted-street Opera house, Chicago, Ill., where the troupe is now performing.

VARIETY ARTISTS are wanted at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill.; also a cader of orchestra. Address as per card.

EMMA DAY, serio-comic vocalist, advertises that she is prepared to accept engagements.

DRAMATIC AND SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted, and also combinations, at the Tivoli Theatre, N. Y. See advertisement.

LEON LA, Ethiopian and burlesque prima-donna, can be addressed as per card.

ELLA WESNER, character change vocalist; E. G. Brown, business-manager; and D. B. Hodges, agent, have been secured by Tony Pastor for his traveling season, commencing March 29 at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, L. I.

WAYNE AND NILES, song-and-dance artists, commence an engagement at the Burlington Opera-house, Chicago, Ill., on December 31, for four weeks.

F. H. OSBORNE, juggler, plate-spinner, etc., advertises for an engagement.

VARIETY TALENT is wanted at Columbia Varieties, ladies especially. See advertisement.

J. C. ("FATTY") STEWART notifies performers in our advertising columns that hereafter he will commence suits against all persons who may infringe his copyright by performing his acts and sketches without his permission. He will not go to cities where the offenses were committed, but commence a suit in any city where such performers may subsequently be found.

ANNIE HALL and Moore and Casey appeared at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., Dec. 21. Stage-manager Hart introduces this week another new feature in dressing the first-part, which is worthy of mention. It is appropriately entitled "Liberty," the ladies all being dressed in goddess-of-liberty costume, and the gentlemen in Continental correspond, and the wings repainted for the occasion. Previously to the rising of the curtain, the company sang "The Star-spangled Banner," which was applauded to the echo. Business good. The departures Dec. 26 will be the Henri Family, going to Welch's, Detroit; Harry Monroe, to Buffalo; and Kay Rice, Alice Rheams, Alice Napier and Wm. Forepaugh are underlined.....Sheridan, Mack & Day's Combination are billed for Brainard's Opera-house Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 1, 2.....Joe Tobish, treasurer of the Theatre Comique, present Stage-manager B. C. Hart with an elegant silk hat on the evening of Jan. 1, 2. On the same evening Bonnie Nelson (Mrs. B. C. Hart) was the recipient of an elegant set of jewelry. Letter of Dec. 25.

LITTLE PAULINE, with her performing pony, an English equestrian specialty, who does a number of tricks suitable for any ordinary-sized stage, will shortly arrive in this country, and can be engaged through J. H. Webb, who advertises.

SHED LE CLAIR, gymnast, whose address find elsewhere, is prepared to negotiate with managers.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS, and Mme. Delsarte's Troupe of French Canean Dancers opened Dec. 24 at the Halsted-street Opera house, Chicago, Ill., to a house which must have pleased the managers because of its numbers. The first-part was fair, and sat sixteen people, with Harry Armstrong, and Charles Lord on the ends, and Mr. Barney, a very clever performer, in the middle. The specialties were Miss Delsarte, J. P. Hill, the one on the tight rope and the other on the trapeze, were very fine performances; but the hit of the evening was made by Miss Alice Somers in her really artistic songs-and-dances. The cancan came last, and was rather tame, being nothing more than has been performed in this city for years ago. It was expected that some new, novel points would be given, but there was nothing of the kind. New features are promised, which may keep the place open all Winter. The troupe has been very elaborately advertised by D. B. Hodges, the agent. Letter of Dec. 26.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., business was immense during the past week. Two hundred new seats had been placed in the lower portion of the house in addition to the old seating capacity, and yet "Standing-room only" was the announcement hung out at the box-office at 8½ o'clock each evening. Fanny Herring made a first appearance here in the sensational drama "The Tigress of the West" during the first days of the week, and during the latter portion in "London in 1715." La Belle Pauline, Miss Ida Morton and J. B. Randolph were the other new specialty people. No departures Dec. 26. Adelaide Miller, Kitty Smith and Jessie Howard are billed for Dec. 28..... The Metropolitan Varieties has once more come to grief. Mr. Bernard Henze, the reputed manager, closed his doors October last succeeded, by some legal quibble, in getting possession of the hall and preventing the new lessee, Mr. G. W. Bauer, from taking possession. He employed Mr. James Porter as business and stage manager. As Henze was unable to do business in his own name, Porter's name was used as proprietor. Things went on swimmingly until last Tuesday, when Porter was arrested for running a show and selling liquor without license. He gave bail for his appearance at the police-court next morning, but failed to appear, having left town for parts unknown. The performers being left without a head, no performance was given that evening. The place has been closed ever since. Henze claimed that Porter was the party responsible for salaries. Everybody here knows that Porter never handled a dollar of the receipts since the place reopened. Of course the box-office keepers have had to collect, for from no intention to defraud a large number of the victimized performers. Correspondence dated Dec. 27.

OUR ST. LOUIS, MO., correspondent writing, on Dec. 25, says: "Business at the Theatre Comique has been immense. Good bills have been presented, with numerous new arrivals each week. Dec. 21 Prof. Leon and his trained dog, named Lew and Frank Collins. Prof. and Baby Bindley were announced, but the baby was seriously attacked on Sunday with intermittent fever; she is, however, better, and will probably appear next (this) week. The Kline Brothers remain. Departures: Minnie Loder to Pittsburg, and the Leon Family. Underlined; Billy Manning, Nully Pieris, Theo Loyal, Mons. and Mme. D'Omer.....Business at Deagle's Theatre has been good. The arrivals are Harry and Annie Wood and Big Columbus. On Thursday night a spectacular nursery legend 'Little Jack Horner' by Jacques Krueger was produced, and proved a success, as to both machinery and scenery. Departures none. Underlined: Minnie Rainforth, drillist..... Little Frankie Frayne, whose illness was noticed last week, is recovering."

BUSINESS at Ward's Opera-house, Fall River, Mass., was very poor up to Dec. 25, on which date people were turned away at both matinee and evening performances, says our correspondent. The new faces on the 21st were Austin and Hess, sisters, who made a hit; Manchester and Jennings, who are old favorites, and need no praise; and the Yeamens Sisters, whose business was not very refined. Annie McAvoy opened on the 24th. The Dupont Brothers failed to appear on the 21st. Departures 26: Manchester and Jennings, to Providence; Austin and Hess, Murphy and Norton, to Portland. Coming 28: Zoe and Stock, from Portland, who are to appear in "French Spy," also Harry Mack, juggler.....At the Novelties business was light, except 25, when houses were full. The show has been excellent, one of the best in the history of the hall. The Hussey Constellation are a whole show in themselves, the trapeze business by Ernest and Leonie being first class. Blanche Clifton in songs, made herself at once a favorite, and has to respond to two or three encores nightly. The rest of the company, being old stand-bys in this city, need not be particularized. No departures 26th. Arrivals 28: Ida Collom, serio-comic; Andy Collom, banjo; and Rose Melnotte, serio-comic.

AT THE HOWARD, Boston, Mass., "Arrah-na-Brogue" was given all the past week. In the variety entertainment Harry Bloodgood, J. H. Budworth and A. J. Leavitt appeared in "Live Jim Crow," Harry G. Richmond gave some Dutch songs, and the Reynolds Brothers some negro songs-and-dances. Wm. Fredericks then presented his remarkable feats upon the revolving globe, turning a complete somersault thereon, and doing a number of difficult juggliery acts. The Jackley Troupe appeared in their acrobatic feats, which were, as usual, very successful and loudly applauded, and Alex. Davis gave his ventriloquism. Harry Kernell made a big hit with his Irish songs, his comments introduced between the verses being very funny. On Dec. 26, the Jackley Troupe, Davis, and Wm. Fredericks closed. Dec. 28 and all of the week the entertainment will consist purely of variety and minstrel acts. The Plantation Minstrels will open the programme with a double set of end-men and interlocutors. Harry Bloodgood and Harry Richmond will act as bones, Harry Kernell and J. H. Budworth as tambos, and N. D. Jones and A. J. Leavitt as interlocutors. In addition, the Winnetts, Venus and Adonis, Sol. Smith Russell, Mr. and Mrs. George Ware, Nellie St. John, and the Hampton Colored Singers open. On January 4, "The Black Crook" is to be produced with Eliza Weathersby as Stalacta, and the Kathi Lannier ballet. Letter of Dec. 27.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., received its due share of patronage the past week, and on two occasions many were unable to get admission. The Cawthorne Children were the only new faces Dec. 21, and at once made a hit in their character sketches. Barney McNulty took a rousing benefit 24, and was presented with a cameo ring and goldheaded cane. At the close of the performance on Christmas-night, Manager Stalker gave to the entire company a fine entertainment, and of a much more refreshing kind than that they had just finished. The departures 26 were Joe Lang, to Portland; Cassim and Fritz and Kitty Sharpe, to Baltimore; Nelly St. John, to the Howard, Boston; and Harris and Carroll to Newark. The following are announced for Dec. 28: The Foy Sisters, Maud De Lisle, Fannie Morello, Manchester and Jennings, Sanford and Wingfield, and the reappearance of "Fatty" Stewart. .....The Theatre Royal ended a short life on Dec. 25, when the manager absconded, taking with him the entire gross receipts, and leaving the performers almost penniless. They appeared on their own account at Woonsocket 25, and divided, after paying expenses, just ten cents each. The Royal is now closed, but the proprietor, Mr. Schuster, proposes to open soon with a string band and free admission. Correspondence dated Dec. 27.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE COMIQUE, Cincinnati, O., writes our correspondent on Dec. 26, "business continues to be very good, notwithstanding the counter-attraction of the Zig-Zag Troupe in their various eccentric acts, who have taken well, and Clara Belmont, vocalist. A Christmas pantomime called 'Santa Claus' was put on yesterday by J. W. Wesley and the Zig-Zags. During the previous part of the week the programme was changed nightly. This week the same will be continued. Those closing Dec. 26 are to be Charley Benedict, for Detroit, and Mons. Florentine, Annie Williams and Mlle. Zephy, who all go to Pittsburg. Underlined for Dec. 28: Frank Frayne, Clara Butler, the Victorelles and Annie Braddon."

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Dayton, O., business under the management of J. W. Corey & Co. has been pretty fair. In the first part Ned West and Ned Reed were upon the ends, and Add Weaver was interrogator. In the olio, Walter Wentworth, in his feats of contortion, was the best ever known in this locality. Chas. Fuller, Lew Clair and Sadie Hassan in their specialties were good. Miss Anna Clark, an elegant dresser and a fine songstress, has proven a very attractive card. Mast. Eddie, in Dutch business; the Varella Bros., gymnasts; and Ned Reed in old negro characters, are the others. The departures were Prof. Leon, to Welch's, Detroit; Harry Monroe, to Buffalo; and Kay Rice, Alice Rheams, Alice Napier and Wm. Forepaugh are underlined.....Sheridan, Mack & Day's Combination are billed for Brainard's Opera-house Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 1, 2.....Joe Tobish, treasurer of the Theatre Comique, present Stage-manager B. C. Hart with an elegant silk hat

**TERMS:**

Single copy, 10 cents. Per annum, $4.00 in advance.

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Tickets, $1; Reserved Seats, $1.50. Ladies free. Doors open at 7 o'clock; game called at 8. Paris Mutual Pools at Chris O'Connor's Billiard Rooms. 40-1t

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**PUBLIC HALL OPEN.—LECTURERS,** Musicians, Showmen, Proprietors of Theatrical Troupes, and all parties engaged in giving public entertainments are hereby respectfully informed that, having recently purchased and thoroughly fitted up CITY HALL in this place, I shall be pleased to receive a fair share of your patronage. Rates reasonable. Apply to or address J. M. ARMSTRONG, City Hall, Tolona, Ill.
Dec. 17, 1874. 40-4t

**CARD.**
PITTSTON, Pa., Dec. 19, 1874.

Col. T. Alston Brown, in his guide-book to the Profession, inadvertently puts the population of Pittston, Pa., at three thousand (3,000), one small hall, one hotel, and no gas; whereas we have a population of fifteen thousand within a radius of one mile, six hotels, gas and water companies, two halls, and one of the handsomest opera-houses in the State. References:—Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. Wm. H. Lingard, Miss Caroline Richings Bernard, Redpath Opera-troupe, Dr. E. H. Chapin, Mrs. Livermore, Hon. Wm. Parson, Dr. J. Jay Villers, Mr. Mishler, Reading Academy of Music; Duprez and Benedict, Miss Emma Darling, Mr. Hemple, &c.
40-2t HOWELL & CAMPBELL, Proprietors Music Hall.

**NELLIE ST. JOHN,**
BALLAD AND OPERATIC VOCALIST,
having closed a very successful engagement of eighteen weeks with Mr. Wally Ward at Portland, Me., and Fall River, Mass., is now at Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., until Dec. 28, thence to Howard Athenæum, one week. Address as above, or (40-1t*) care of CLIPPER.

**WINNETTA IN BOSTON,**
AT THE HOWARD, DEC. 28,
ONE WEEK ONLY.
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**CARD OF THANKS.**

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Lodge B. P. O. Elks, held the above date, it was unanimously resolved that a vote of thanks be tendered to the following named persons, who generously volunteered their valuable services on the occasion of our late benefit: Baby Benson, Messrs. Simon and Mark Hassler, Bobby Newcomb, Welsh and Rice, John and Richard Magee, Harry Josephs, also to Mr. Geo. Goodwin (lessee of the Chestnut-street Theatre), for his liberality on that occasion.
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